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THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMDEN.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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OLD AGE.

ALTHOUGH humanity as a rule accepts its fate with a certain air of grim resignation, there are under its outward calm many rebellious feelings. We ripe and ripe, and then we rot and rot, says the poet; but it has ever been a dream of humanity to escape from the latter part of the process. Old age, no doubt, has certain beauties of its own, especially if it be accompanied by troops of friends, and the dignity and wisdom which experience gathers; and yet those last years of life, so often frail and feeble and ill, are dreaded by all, but especially by the young. Yet there is a greater aspiration even than that of escaping from the personal pain and discomfort of decay. Man has been gifted with a faculty for looking before and after. He can, as it were, very dimly discern the long pageant or procession of human beings which constitutes the history of mankind. He has unearthed records and tokens that enable him to form a misty picture of the sort of people who inhabited the globe before the time of written records. Ancient history and literature, obelisks, monuments, tombstones, and coins help him to realise what life must have been like when the first steps had been taken out of primitive savagery. He can just imagine the long ships that went to Troy, and the bond-slaves that worked on the Pyramids; the gladiators who died to make a Roman holiday, and the legionaries whose tramp circled the world as it was then known. But all this is seen only, as it were, in a glass darkly. How different it would have been to have lived in those heroic ages, to have looked down with the tranquillity of a star, and taken note of the changing ways of men, and of their advancement and increasing civilisation! What wisdom might have been accumulated by anyone who had the chance of seeing for himself how the great empires of the past

rose up like huge clouds that gathered before the storm; how they fulfilled their destiny and then slowly died away; how busy cities were built on plain and river-bank, and how, in time, they became a prey to the little grains of sand, the little blades of grass.

Even more interesting is it to look forward and speculate as to what the future holds in store. How will the political destinies that now are warring one against another shape themselves? What will become of this world-empire of which we to-day are so proud? Is England doomed to meet the fate that overtook the empires of the past; to rot and rot, as everything that grows seems to rot—as Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, all flowered and decayed? The little space of time at our command affords but scanty opportunity of judging what is to be the result of present movements. As the old tombstone epitaph has it, we come but “to breakfast and away.” This is the nobler kind of reflection that causes the human being to listen with arrested ear when anyone, be he visionary or scientist, holds forth a vision of prolonging the life of man. That was the cue to the influence wielded by the ancient astrologer, and those who sought for the Philosopher’s Stone and the Elixir of Life; and it explains the interest aroused by the recent researches of Professor Metchnikoff, of which an account is given in the October number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Professor Metchnikoff says that the human system is frequently poisoned by the “innumerable microbes which swarm in the large intestine.” This organ he considers to be a proof of the simian origin of mankind, and it is entirely unnecessary, like a great many other things in the human organism. In Professor Metchnikoff’s words: “Like the large intestine, the appendix is a useless organ, and, as frequent observations show, can well be dispensed with.” It affords grazing ground, as Strassburger calculates, for the small number of 128,000,000,000,000 microbes. Some of these creatures are useful aids to digestion, others are poisonous and are continually working the ruin of man. To meet their ravages the Professor makes a homely recommendation, which is, that people should drink sour milk, “such as is consumed in large quantities by the Bulgarians, who are noted for their longevity.” He analysed some of this, and found that it contained a large bacillus “remarkable for the great quantity of lactic acid which it is capable of producing.” He thinks this microbe, which does not appear natural to the human body, can be introduced with very great advantage to health. He further recommends that whosoever aspires to old age should eschew uncooked vegetables and fruits. But it is in his description of recent discoveries that the Professor waxes most eloquent. “In old age,” he says, “a veritable battle is waged in the most secret parts of our bodies.” You have cells of two kinds, phagocytes and microphages. In vigorous life these help to maintain health by “eating up all sorts of solid bodies which are not wanted by the system.” But in old age the action becomes retrograde. “They attack,” says Professor Metchnikoff, “the nerve cells of the brain or the hepatic ducts of the liver, in every case producing conjunctive tissue which slowly blocks up the system and kills.” They are to be easily observed whitening the hair, when they are called chromophages, and he says the extreme porosity of the bones of old people is due to a similar cause.

These being the causes of senile degeneration, the next business is to find a cure. In that the Professor has not been yet quite successful; but he does not despair. The most hopeful thing about it, however, is that he takes up the question purely and simply as a scientific problem to be solved by natural means. Although endorsing the advice given by Dr. Weber that people should be moderate in what they eat and drink, take exercise, baths, pure air, and six or seven hours’ sleep, he says these will not of themselves ensure old age, because “it is an undoubted fact that many people who live most sober lives become prematurely old.” He looks upon old people as of very great service to society, as indeed they are. They have the experience of the past to guide them and the accumulated wisdom of a lifetime. Professor Metchnikoff is, as becomes a student, perfectly modest in regard to the matter. He scarcely ventures to hold out any hope that we in our generation will solve the problem, but we can hand on the torch to those who follow, and what is accomplished in our time may well become the starting point for the researches of a new generation. It is the old instance of the wren getting higher than the eagle because it mounted on the eagle’s back. Those who intend to make original research in the direction indicated will be able to begin exactly where Professor Metchnikoff leaves off.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Marchioness of Camden, who was married to the fourth Marquess of Camden in 1898. The Marchioness of Camden is the daughter of Lord Henry Gilbert Ralph Nevill, second son of the Marquess of Abergavenny.



THE birth of an heir to the throne of Italy and the betrothal of the Crown Prince of Germany remind us of one very important function in European politics played by the minor sovereign States and Principalities. Their ruling families supply consorts to the heirs of the greater kingdoms. To take comparatively recent examples, the late Prince Consort may be cited, a scion of a minor German dukedom, but of the bluest blood in Europe, our own beloved Queen Alexandra, of the Danish Royal house, and her sister, the mother of the present Czar. The Queen of Italy is the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, the Prince Consort of Holland is of the ducal family of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and now the same ancient line gives a future Queen to Prussia and Empress of Germany. What Europe has most to look for in these alliances is "character," and it is enormously creditable to the standard of the minor Courts of Europe that almost without exception the influence of their members who have entered the circle of the great reigning houses has been entirely for good. It is said that at no period in the world's history has the level of training in every form of education—intellectual, social, and political—been as high as it now is in the families of the Royal houses of all calibres. That those who enjoy the privileges of hereditary monarchy are also determined to show their capacity for its maintenance is among the most encouraging features of Continental policy.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, who died in the early part of the week, was one of those men whose chief distinction lay in his being the son of his father. It could not truthfully be said that he was a very able man, and he had inherited much of the brusqueness and overbearing manner of his parent, without that backbone of sterling ability which caused them to be forgiven in the elder. Prince Herbert Bismarck went into retirement when his father left office, and the hostility which both of them felt towards the young Emperor accounted for the fact that he never again entered public life. History will, perhaps, be more ready to justify the action of the Kaiser than the journalists and publicists of Europe were when he dismissed the venerable counsellor of his grandfather.

It would be difficult to imagine any more horrible reading than the report given by Prince Radziwill of the fighting at Port Arthur. By the by, it is curious to notice the matter-of-fact statement that he carried despatches from General Kuropatkin to the besieged town and returned with his reply in about a fortnight. It is evident that the blockade cannot be very close. His account of the fighting is most painful. Besiegers and besieged alike are behaving like savages. The white flag receives no attention, and the dead are left to rot where they fall, and the wounded to signal hopelessly for succour till their strength is exhausted. Such an account must make every civilised human being look forward with apprehension and horror to what is likely to occur when the town falls. On the other hand, the defenders under such circumstances may be depended upon to fight with the desperate bravery of men with halters round their necks.

The account of some recent telephone construction in Abyssinia is no less amusing than interesting. It is interesting to learn that 300 miles of wire for this late product of an advanced civilisation, the telephonic transmission of messages, have been put up already in that country, and that it is proposed to put up eventually no less than 1,000 miles. And the peculiar nature of the local difficulties is rather entertaining. White ants eating the telegraph poles, natives stealing them if iron is substituted for wood in order to defeat the white ants; monkeys using the wires as gymnastic apparatus, and elephants using the poles to rub against, all in the midst of an undergrowth that springs up more quickly than the axe can overtake it, are some of the incidents amusing enough to contemplate from the point of view

of any but those who have to lay the wires, and are responsible for carrying out their contracts.

The summer closes with an excellent record for the new management of the Zoological Society. The birds in the large new flying-cage have mostly completed their moult, and are in splendid condition, especially the parrots, the cockatoos, and the various coughts, crows, and parakeets. They all use their wings much more freely than they did, and the demand for "private apartments," where they can at least pretend to make nests, is keen. We would, however, remove the gulls, which anyone can see flying over the Thames, and which, being meat-eaters, do not tend to keep the cage sweet, as well as some other common species, such as the jackdaw, rook, crow, and pheasant, and aim at making the aviary mainly a collection of birds with brilliant plumage, which gains in display when the creatures fly. Pheasants, for instance, never fly in a cage, so they are less suitable than, let us say, some of the larger kingfishers or hoopoes, or the scarlet ibis. The new "small mammal house" is a great improvement on the old dark shed in which they were kept, though probably it would have been the better for even more consideration before the plans were settled. One side is still dark and sunless. The happy animals on the sunny side enjoyed last week's bright weather intensely. Their outdoor cages are fitted with shelves, and on these last Saturday every one of the animals was sleeping in the sun—civets, genets, and other viverrine creatures, the fossa, which has never felt direct sunlight since it came to the Zoo, and the clouded tiger. Curled up in slumber they looked like rows of animated cheeses, put away to ripen.

All interested in the study of bird-life, whether from a scientific or utilitarian point of view, will be glad to learn that an observatory has just been founded and endowed by a wealthy landowner in Pennsylvania for the systematic study of wild birds. In addition to the observatory, there is a series of aviaries, and the director and his staff are to carry on a series of experiments of a most comprehensive character. Special attention is to be paid to life histories, moult, colour changes, the influence of climate and environment, and psychology. Hybridisation will also occupy much attention. Economic ornithology is to be especially studied, and it is proposed to make a series of experiments in the breeding of insectivorous and other useful birds, with a view to stocking depleted areas, following the lines laid down by the United States Fish Commission. Such an institution in this country would be productive of a vast amount of good, and it is to be hoped that, failing private effort, the Board of Agriculture may be induced to consider the advisability of taking up this much-needed work.

WHITE HEATHER.

Voices of the hills and valleys blend together, singing,
Sweetly comes their music to me, all across the moors:
And the wind has touched the heather-bells, to set them also ringing
One name—Yours.

Dead may seem the bells I send you, dead, and dumb, and broken:
Yet they bear a message with them—telling why they died,
"We can praise, since by our lips, yours was the last name spoken—
None beside." C. H.

It is very evident that something will have to be done very shortly in the way of providing more cottage accommodation in the villages. We hope to go into the subject more fully in an early issue, and at the present will only refer to a case reported in *The Times*. An inhabitant of Brixworth was summoned for overcrowding, the inspector reporting that when he visited the house the defendant, his wife, and six children were living there. It should be added that the house had only two rooms. The defence was, that there was not a vacant house in Brixworth, nor in any of the villages round about. The surveyor made the suggestion that the father should have boarded two of his children out, but, of course, that was absurdly beyond the means of a working man. The magistrates made an order for the abatement of the nuisance within twenty-eight days, giving the man the option of providing more room for his children or taking them to the workhouse.

Surely an incident of this kind requires no comment. That it is not uncommon is proved by the fact that another case was decided on the same day, and the same alternative offered to the parents. But indignation would be wasted, because there is no one so obviously responsible that it can be directed against him. Commercial cottage-building in the country is brought to a standstill because nobody can at once adhere to the stupid building byelaws and also put up a cottage at a cost for which a fair return in rent can be obtained. It may be taken as an axiom that the ordinary village labourer cannot pay more than half-a-crown a week for his tenement, and it also may be taken as certain that nobody at present can build houses for £100 each and not infringe the regulations of the Local Government Board.

If it be said, as it continually is, that the landlord should do so, he has a very good answer in pointing to the losses he has had to sustain during the last twenty-five years, which have been so impoverishing in many cases as to paralyse all attempts at estate improvement.

We do not know whether it is practicable or not, but the proposal to renovate the old Roman roads and fit them for fast motoring is extremely suggestive. At present they are in a very rough and neglected condition, and certainly it would require a great expenditure, both of time and labour, to make the old Foss Way over the Berkshire Downs suitable for a fast motor. Both Watling Street and Pedlar Way, from Hunstanton to Colchester, have been proposed as suitable. Of course, if the motor-car people wish to obtain roads exclusively for their own traffic, so as to enable them to indulge in the craze for swift going, it is a matter for their own private arrangement; but for the country at large it would be very much better for the present roads to be enlarged and improved. They are in many cases much too narrow, and, as we have frequently pointed out before, the surface is not sufficiently smooth and hard for the most modern vehicles. There is a very wide field for enterprise on the part of those who are devoting their energies to the improvement of the highways.

The politico-social prophets are at one in setting forth that the coming winter is likely to be an extremely hard one for the very poor, and the forecast is made quite independently of the weather. Should the winter prove to be stormy and frosty, it will be all the worse; but in any case the number of the destitute has been largely increasing of late. Indeed, it has become evident that all classes are more or less affected by the period of reaction in trade. We hear everywhere of the rich and the middle classes being unable to afford the usual luxuries, and the Board of Trade monthly returns set forth that employment is not so good as it was last year. Up, or, rather, down, to a certain point, this only means more or less self-denial in regard to articles that can be done without; but, when we come to the submerged tenth, it carries a far graver significance, since it means that they will be brought face to face with starvation. We are glad, however, to notice that the various charitable institutions which did so much good ten or twelve years ago are being revived, and it is to be hoped that their appeals for assistance will meet with a generous response on the part of those who have anything to give.

In this connection it is one of the most painful things in London to notice the increasing number of tramps of one kind and another who literally take possession of the seats on the Embankment, in the parks, and elsewhere. Even in open daylight they come to these places, so haggard and weary that they are glad to fall asleep, and to look at their faces is to be reminded of the awful groups seen in mediæval paintings of Hell. Wretchedness, sorrow, despair, hopelessness, are written in every line of their features. It is a pity that something could not be done with them, not only on their own account, but for the sake of the public. After all, these outdoor seats were not erected for the purpose of being taken possession of by these people, who are at once wretched and filthy, and who make them unfit for the public use. The various benevolent societies would be performing a real public service if they would devote their energies to the removal and rescuing of these estrays from civilisation.

The annual report of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, which has just been issued, will not tend to allay the apprehensions of those who consume oysters. Here for the first time the oyster scare of 1902 is dealt with systematically. It will be remembered that the respective mayors of Winchester and Southampton gave dinners on November 10th, and at Winchester 134 guests were present, and at Southampton 133. As soon as dinner was over the guests began to be ill, and in the course of two or three weeks developed enteric fever. Dr. Bulstrode, who was appointed to investigate these occurrences on behalf of the Board, comes to the conclusion that the facts "establish the strongest possible presumption that oysters which had been deposited for a time at Emsworth have caused the outbreaks of enteric fever and other illnesses." It seems that the beds are contiguous to the sewers, and at that time in Emsworth there were patients suffering from enteric. Dr. Bulstrode recommends that in future more care should be exercised in the storage of oysters. He also gives directions for getting rid of weak oysters, as those which die contaminate the others.

The chief features of the detailed agricultural returns just issued by the Board of Agriculture are of singular interest. The acreage of wheat has this year fallen to the lowest level on record, the total decrease amounting to 206,303 acres. Wales and Scotland

both show a great falling-off, and in combination do not grow as much wheat as is produced in any one of the following counties—Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, or Cambridge. The barley crop, too, has dwindled below what it ever was before, the decrease this year amounting to 17,796 acres, of which no less than 13,286 acres are in Scotland. On the other hand, the potato area has remained practically stationary in England, has decreased slightly in Wales, and been extended by 6,371 acres in Scotland. In livestock, there is an increase in the number of horses kept for agricultural purposes. The number of cattle has considerably increased, sheep are fewer in number, but pigs show an increase. Of course, these figures require careful reading; for example, although there is a decrease in the number of sheep, flockmasters have seldom been more satisfied than they are just now.

One bright spot about the year 1904 is that it promises to be a first-rate vintage year, in striking contrast to 1903, when the rains proved most injurious to the vines. But this year the reports say that both as regards quality and quantity the crops promise to surpass the most sanguine anticipations. It is unlikely that any calamity will happen now to destroy this prospect, as the time is so brief before the vintage gets over. We may therefore expect the brands of 1904 to rival those of 1887, one of the best seasons ever known. The champagne promises particularly well, though it has to be noted that, owing perhaps to the general depression, this wine is not being consumed to the extent it was a few years ago. However, clarets and burgundies are likely to be equally good; so that in time to come the lover of good wine will look back with pleasure and delight to 1904.

IN SUSSEX.

Between the green, green Downs, at peace, it lies,
The spot that is to me so strangely dear;
A spot serene, beneath whatever skies
Range at the dawn or setting of the year.
A path and ancient stile lead to the vale,
Where looms the padlocked church in proud decay;
And, far beyond, the village tells the tale
Of silent lives, slow-lived, from day to day.
But it is here, before I cross the stile,
I pause, bewildered for the dream I knew—
Is it, perchance, that it was here, erstwhile,
In some old life, I leaned and talked with you?

LILIAN STREET.

The American reporter, when he is really out, is an extremely amusing personage, and he has been most emphatically out in the *New York World* of September 5th, which contains an account of the recent record-breaking shoot at Broomhead. His story is one that would really be spoilt by much comment. He tells us that the grouse "had been looked after by keepers from the day they were hatched. Artificial food and shelter were provided. Even fright was carefully kept out of their experience of life—until the day when they were driven by the beaters up to the 'blind,' constructed long beforehand, where the concealed shooters sat in comfort, with refreshments at hand and plenty of men to load their spare guns." We should very much like to see the man who wrote this posted on a modern butt, and offered a large sum of gold for each slaughter that he perpetrated. It is pretty safe to conclude that he never saw either a flying grouse or a moor in his life. Still, ignorance is no disqualification, and he ends his discourse with the usual denunciation of the "crude and brutal mentality" of a "ruling class which can joy in such slaughter."

On the whole, the results of the net salmon-fishing on the Tweed, which closed for the season on September 14th, have not been very brilliant. The spring run of fish was particularly disappointing, but in the months of June and July there was a fine run of grilse, such as, the local people say, has not been seen for the last ten years. Later again, however, when the heavy fish should have been running, the nets met with little success. There were a succession of small spates, which the netsmen seem to think rather kept the salmon back, by making the water thick, than encouraged them, as a real big spate would have encouraged them, to come up the river. The biggest fish taken during the year was of 43lb., and large fish, as a rule, were conspicuous by their absence.

It has been a year of universally good pasturage, although in Southern England there was not much growth for some while after the hay harvest, and the effect of the good feeding is shown even more by the condition of the red deer than by that of the domestic animals. The Highland hills have shared with the Southern meadow-lands the exceptional growth of grass, and as a consequence deer generally are in good condition, and they were a full ten days earlier in getting their horns clear of the velvet than last year.

FAIR AND MARKET.

IT would be extraordinary, though not surprising, if a considerable revival were to take place in the old fairs and markets that have for so long appeared to be dwindling. Some, indeed, have passed away altogether. Till long past the middle of the nineteenth century September fairs formed a striking feature of rural England. They were miscellaneous in character; that is to say, almost everything required on the farm, whether in the field or in the house, was offered for sale there. Horses, sheep, and cattle were driven in crowds. Those who sold earthenware and other articles in demand by the farmer's wife or the wives of the labourers also did a great deal of business on these occasions; while, above and beyond all, the frequenters of the fair liked to have a day of amusement—merry-go-rounds, tumblers, cocoa-nut shies, shows of abnormally fat women and malformed pigs, delighted the unsophisticated rustic of those days. Yet it is a singular

illustration of the quickness with which institutions pass not only out of existence, but out of memory, that one may go to the very spot where these lively scenes took place only within the lifetime of men who are not yet more than middle aged, and if the ploughman or shepherd who happens to be pursuing his task there at the time he is asked, the chances are that he will not know where the fair was held. Perhaps this may not hold true of every part of the country; but it does of the North, and an explanation of that is possible. The North Country labourer has always been something of a nomad, and has a habit of giving up his situation every year, and on May 12th placing his goods and chattels on a cart, and departing to fresh fields and pastures new. As a consequence, he is, as a rule, absolutely ignorant of the district in which he happens to be at the time, since the chances are that he is an entire stranger to it. Indeed, these people know nothing of home in the true



A. H. Robinson.

FOR THE DAIRY.

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sense of the term. The writer has often enquired into the biographical details of the labourer, and found that if he does happen to know where he was born, the fact has merely been told him, but he did not live there long enough even to go to school. He has from infancy shifted from farm to farm, from one red-tiled cottage to another, and, while he knows much of the country-side, knows nothing of any particular district.

But the reasons for the decay of the fair lie on the surface. In the first place, weekly or fortnightly marts for the sale of cattle and sheep have been established at most of the convenient railway stations, so that for these kinds of stock the fair is no longer needed. Then the commercial traveller has taken the place of the pedlar and the itinerant merchant of hardware. The bagman of an earlier generation worked on a larger scale than his successor. Commercial houses did not keep a traveller

unless they had important work for him to do; but this is a day of small things, and merchants who are by no means in a large way of business seem to find it profitable to send men into the villages to sell all sorts of articles, many of them of no great monetary value. Again, travelling has become so cheap and easy that the cottager has far more facilities for getting into town, where the small things of the house can be purchased much more conveniently. Further than that, the very simple amusements that sufficed in olden time have become to some extent obsolete. The labourer, who is better educated than his forefathers, educated not only by the village schoolmaster, but by travelling and contact with other people and other minds, has outgrown these childish amusements. The cocoa-nut man raises a lament over the decay of the patronage extended to his sport; and his complaint is well grounded. The rural swain still wants to be amused, wants it even more than formerly; but he has come to look for something more exciting than this, and so he



A. H. Robinson.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

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thinks more of his annual cheap trip to town than of the local fair.

Yet there is one kind of livestock for which the fair is well suited, and that is the horse. This year at Horncastle, one of the oldest and largest horse fairs in England, the demand was very much greater than the supply; so it was at Barnet; and the reasons for this can also be explained easily enough. The trade in cattle and sheep is much more regular than that in horses. Beef and mutton are among the daily requirements of the British householder, and the butcher has to have his regular supply coming in. The result is that a market can be successfully held on fixed days, weekly, fortnightly, or monthly, according to the nature of the district and its fitness for keeping up a supply of fat beasts. But the demand for horseflesh is more spasmodic in its character. At present it is very large—a curious fact if we consider the extent to which the horse has been dispensed with recently. Municipalities have thrown thousands out of work by substituting a mechanical motor-power, such as steam or electricity, for horse-power in the municipal tramways. As we have had occasion to point out, thousands of rich people have substituted motor-cars for carriages, while the bicycle trade also flourishes extremely; so that one would think that the horse would be in danger of supersession. Nothing of the kind. He is more needed than ever. Some little time ago the writer was discussing this question with his driver, who was coachman in a large posting hotel in the country. He had been there for nearly thirty years, and his experience was that posting was as flourishing a trade to-day as it ever had been, in proof of which he referred me to the fact that there were actually more horses at the hotel than there were when he came to it. His explanation was amusing. He laid it down to the more luxurious habits and increased spending power of the people: "A henwife with a parcel must have a trap now," he said, with cheery contempt. Of course, there are other reasons. During the South African War, we not only made a great draft on our own supply of horses, but seriously diminished that of those countries

from which we import them. The Russo-Japanese War is also having a similar effect, and probably it will be still more felt in the next campaign. Up till now cavalry has been employed only to a very limited extent, since a great deal of the warfare has been either naval or behind forts; but if either army were to gain a strong advantage, cavalry would be very much more needed, and we see from the newspapers that both the Russians and the Japanese are buying horses wherever they can find them suitable. No doubt this largely explains the great demand which has been experienced at the various fairs of late summer and early autumn, and it affords a fairly good assurance that the prices of horses are likely to keep up to a high point. Those who have had to buy them have had painful proof that these prices are well maintained at present, and it is noteworthy that no one class of horses is excepted. The working draught horse and the carriage horse, the hunter and the hack, all command prices in advance of what they did ten years ago. Probably this has had something to do with the fact that buyers have gone to these fairs in large numbers, in the hope of picking up horses cheap.

Our illustrations are from the pleasant little old-fashioned village of Bedale in Yorkshire. That the market is an old one is evident from the cross that appears in one of the pictures. The photographs render description unnecessary. In one we see the kine that have come to be sold, in another the garden produce. A third is devoted to the butter and eggs, and all give an epitome of the work done on a farm. To those who love country life and country people, there are few things pleasanter than to walk down a village street and look at the kindly country faces, all brown with sun and wind, and to hear the good-natured chaffering of those who buy and sell. Proverbially, these North Country "tykes" are not the easiest people in the world to deal with, and yet their keenness is a fine keenness, backed by honesty and straightforwardness. They come of a race who had in the past to fight hard for their livelihood on moor and dale, and sometimes to live very hardily, and it is most singular that these same people who bargain most shrewdly on the market-place are often the kindest and most hospitable on their own steadings.

It will be remembered that Scott in "The Antiquary" hit off this trait in human character very beautifully. After the boats had been wrecked, Jonathan Oldbuck, meeting Meg Mucklebackit, gave her without chaffering the half-crown she asked for her fish, at which she was very much disappointed, for she would have enjoyed the bargaining. At any rate, while it was going on she would have forgotten her grief. So the Yorkshire farmer does his "cheaping," to use an old word, much in the spirit of a man who plays chess, taking every legitimate advantage, and giving away nothing that he can help, yet bearing no ill-will, nor allowing the game to interfere with the natural feeling of kindness and neighbourliness. At any rate, it is remarkable that those same inhabitants of the dales, who are reputed to be amongst the hardest-headed people in Great Britain, are also famous for their hospitality. They seem to keep kindness in one compartment of their mind and business in another.

It will be curious to notice if in the future the market for dairy produce tends to grow or to dwindle, because very opposite influences are at work. The Agricultural Organisation Society encourages the higgler to go round collecting eggs and chickens, and if he does that, it may be taken as certain that he will also buy the produce of the dairy, because these things work in so well together. Indeed, it has, up till quite recently, been an almost universal custom for the dairy woman to cart her eggs and butter to the market; but when her butter is very much improved, so also, no doubt, will be the means of collecting it. On the other hand, there are many places on the Continent where the butter-dealer goes to market and buys all he can obtain from the different sellers. Were that custom to prevail, it would tend to bring the usage of selling



A. H. Robinson.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

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butter in the market into stronger prominence than ever. It is very difficult to prophesy in regard to these matters, because we are at present in a stage of transition, and no one knows what the changes of to-morrow are likely to bring forth. The greater facilities of collection, the establishment of light railways and motor-car services, must produce an effect of one kind or another, but what that is likely to be no one can tell at present. It must be remembered that one effect of the railways was to make the grass grow in the streets of many a country town whose inhabitants expected it to become prosperous.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

MR. FRANK GIBSON has discovered an excellent subject for a book in *Superstitions About Animals* (Scott), but we are struck at the outset by certain omissions. He is almost bound to adopt a literary treatment; but among the authors that he begins by quoting—Keats and Poe side by side with Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley—we look in vain for the name that first came into our own minds, that of Aristophanes. His opening chapter is about the raven, and to illustrate the superstitions connected with it he quotes from Edgar Allan Poe's verses several times, while, of course, the well-known references in "Macbeth," "Othello," "The Sad Shepherd," and so on, are repeated. But the Greek poet carries us much nearer the origin of many of the bird superstitions that are current to this day. In the early life of man, when a far larger percentage of people lived in the open air, they were obliged to be guided by their own observation of Nature, because the appliances since discovered did not at that time exist. Particularly was this the case with those who were sailors or husbandmen, the two most important occupations in those times. According to Frere's celebrated translation:

"When the cranes are arranged, and muster afloat
In the middle air, with a creaking note,
Steering away to the Lybian sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands;
The crazy vessel is hauled ashore,
The sail, the ropes, the rudder and oar
Are all unshipped, and housed in store.

The shepherd is warned by the kite reappearing,
To muster his flock and be ready for shearing.
You quit your old cloak, at the swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest.

For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine,
For every oracular temple and shrine,
The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend, and to us you repair
For counsel and aid, when a marriage is made,
A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade:
Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
An ox or an ass, that may happen to pass,
A voice in the street, or a slave that you meet,
A name or a word by chance overheard,
If you deem it an omen, you call it a Bird;
And if birds are your omens, it clearly will follow,
That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo."

We have quoted the passage at length because of its instructiveness. A bird like the crane, the kite, or the swallow, having a definite association, would very naturally, in the minds of primitive people, assume a character more or less supernatural, and it is very easy to understand how superstitions would grow out of the habit of men directing their proceedings by the movements of birds. As Aristophanes says, in almost as many words, from the fact that bird migration told the farmer and the mariner what to do, the birds came to be regarded as oracles. It follows naturally that some of the superstitions thus developed would be grotesque in character. For instance, in another part of the same poem we are told the legend of the Kite, that it once was a monarch of Greece, who "instructed our fathers of yore on beholding the Kite to fall down and adore." Again, we are told that in Sedan and Egypt the cuckoo was king. Mythology, too, had an intimate connection with birds, as Jupiter with his eagle, Juno with her peacock, and Leda with her swan. Given the attitude of mind that may be inferred from all this, it is quite easy, without making as many words about it as Mr. Gibson does, to see that in this morning world people would get to like one kind of bird and detest another. Everywhere, for instance, one finds that black was the hated colour and white the loved one. Therefore a black bird like the raven, which, moreover, lived an unclean life, fed on carrion, and had an appearance that was at once solemn and

uncanny, was certain to become the object of dread, as being most likely the incarnation of some evil spirit. Hence probably arose that superstition about seeing one, two, three, or four ravens, which was applied not only to the raven itself, but to his relatives the rooks, and still more, in this country at least, to the magpie. On the other hand, the dove, with his sweet note, cleanly habits, and gentle appearance, gave rise to superstitions of a very opposite cast. He always has been the symbol of the lover, and, indeed, one of the older poets by onomatopœia rendered his song, "I come hidder to woo." In early days, birds, like everything else, were supposed to suffer transformation; and at the present moment in country districts there is a belief that the young cuckoo about August changes into a sparrow-hawk. It is a very plausible belief, too, because anyone who has watched the flight of the cuckoo and that of a young sparrow-hawk will see how much they resemble one another.



A. H. Robinson.

AT THE MARKET CROSS.

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Just in the same way many rustics hold that eels do not engender, but are produced from horsehairs in a pool. A similarity of appearance will account for both superstitions, and in the case of the eel there was the utter ignorance, prolonged up to a few years ago, as to its breeding habits. No one dreamed that it had to go to the sea to spawn, and died immediately after spawning had taken place. Many of the old folk-lore poems make us feel, without actually saying so, that the raven was a bird of ill omen. It was three ravens that on "an auld fail dyke" sat "pyking the een" out of the gentle knight, as it had been the same bird that croaked "the fatal entrance of Duncan under our battlements." The owl ravilled the raven, but one can easily understand that. In those old days when men were often fighting and women houseless, many a weary night was spent in the open air crouching under the rude shelter of a tree, or even, as we can see from later inscriptions, in the cromlechs raised over burying-places. Fugitives must have listened to every sound with tense nerve and apprehensive ear, because in many cases they knew that the shedder of blood was searching for them. At such moments, naturally, sounds assumed a solemnity that they did not have in a less strained moment, and we can well understand that some fugitive, hiding on a bleak hillside or on the edge

of a wood, read into the hoot of the owl a melancholy that Nature never intended. Even without the feelings that obsessed our rude ancestors, there is still something arresting and strange in the owl's "tu-whoo" as it floats into the bedroom window of a solitary house in the country. Nor is it the only nocturnal voice that seems laden with sadness. On moorland it seems to us that one of the dreariest noises to be heard is the wail of the curlew floating down from the "lift sae hie." Often when wild geese or other sea-birds are passing at an immense altitude, they give out sounds that seem to speak most eloquently of polar seas and the crackling of ice or the wash of the wave on some uninhabited shore. They were thought to be hell hounds pursuing a lost soul under the midnight sky. The growth of superstitions about any of these creatures is therefore easily explicable, as easily as another body of superstitions that Mr. Gibson has just touched, and that is all, namely, the fear which many savages have of insects. We will give an instance to explain what we mean. Not many years ago a very promising young statesman, who was at the time private secretary to one of our leading men, was one evening stung by a gadfly or some kindred insect, and died shortly afterwards. No doubt it was due to some condition of his blood at the moment; but suppose that this had happened in the midst of a tribe of uninformed savages, would it not have been quite natural for them ever after to have dreaded the small creature to which they would naturally attribute the mishap?

If animals could talk, they could probably tell us much that is interesting about their own superstitions. Thus, travelling sheep will usually jump high across a rope that has been laid in

weeks old, so they ought to be profitable. They do not require special feeding until the last three or four days, when they should be given food very often, and I believe a little milk is a good thing." This certainly sounds a very practical plan for making poultry profitable, as it is the prolonged keeping and feeding, with all the attendant risks, which militate so much against its success. Chickens could be hatched in thousands in the spring months to supply such a demand, and this by-product, as poultry is usually considered, of agriculture could be made a great industry at the very time of year when the weather is most propitious for it. The agricultural labourers might share in the undertaking, as cottage gardens would supply the necessary habitat, and the individual care of the "house mother" would be the exact factor required for the successful rearing of these tender creatures.

MODEL ALLOTMENTS.

At least two counties are bringing a system of model allotments into operation, and it will be useful to observe the result. In Oxford the plan is to rent an allotment among the other allotments and to place it in charge of a steward, a skilled man whose cultivation will afford a lesson to other tenants. At the end of the year an exhibition is held, and prizes given for good husbandry. No doubt much advantage might be derived from this scheme, as the average allotment holder does not make all he can out of his bit of ground. On the other hand, it will be necessary for the County Council to beware of theory. Where allotments have been held for a very long time—for the best part of a century, as is the case in some parts of England—no attempt is

made to grow a variety of vegetables, but the half acre is divided into two parts, in one of which barley and in the other potatoes are grown. Long experience has shown this to be the most profitable method in certain districts. We are by no means sure that it would be wise to extend it to every district; but in the part we refer to the cottager is thinking as much of his pig as himself. He grows potatoes sufficient to keep the household going all the year round, and to help in the feeding of the pig, the straw gives him bedding, and the barley fattening material for finishing the animal off. We question very much if the idea of the County Council of growing an immense variety of vegetables would be an improvement on this. As a matter of fact, the allotment holders referred to have their little gardens as well, and there they cultivate cabbages, leeks, carrots, onions, parsley, sage, and other vegetables; but their way of working the field is found to be profitable, and to involve a minimum of labour. The latter is a very important consideration, since a farm servant has had nearly enough of the land before he unyokes his horses at night, and when there is too much hoeing

or digging to do is apt to hand it over to his women-kind. In Surrey the County Model Allotment Scheme has only started. Four allotments have been selected on Lord Onslow's property, and are now being cultivated by the tenants under the advice of the county horticultural instructor and his assistant. This was only commenced in March of the present year, so that it is too early to say anything about the results. Perhaps next year at this time we may be able to speak about the working of the scheme.

ENGLISH WILD CATTLE.

The sale of Chartley Castle, with some 8 000 acres of land, last week marks the close of a connection between a noble family and an ancient estate of nearly eight centuries—a very unusual length of time for steady and unbroken tenure. The greater part of the house is modern, but the park, with its wild white cattle, is one of several instances in which an ancient licence to "impark" has preserved the primitive and wild character of a neighbourhood, the rest of which has been entirely altered by cultivation. The country round is rather tame dairy land; but the park is a part of the old Needwood Forest, and is very wild, a vast heathy waste of 1,000 acres, covered with Scotch firs, birch, and a few single oaks, in the midst of a cultivated country. Needwood Forest was formerly famous for boars and deer, while the wild cattle are believed to have roamed in the forest, and to have been subsequently driven into the park. Their number used to average about forty, but in recent years the herd has greatly decreased, owing probably to the obstinacy with which the noble owner refused to allow any fresh blood to be introduced. The offspring of the magnificent bull kept in the "Zoo" were also killed.



Col. J. Pilkington.

A MILL ON THE AVON.

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their way, probably because they mistake it for a serpent, though in England countless generations of them have lived without any experience of this fell enemy. So a horse passing along a quiet highway will shy at many an inanimate and harmless object, because its primeval instinct keeps it on the look-out for hostile carnivora. From facts like these—and they might be multiplied indefinitely—an exhaustive study of superstitions about animals ought to start. Mr. Frank Gibson has given us some interesting memorabilia on the subject; but the exhaustive treatise still remains among the books that are unwritten.

FROM THE FARMS.

POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

A NOVELTY in the possibilities of remunerative poultry rearing was suggested in a letter from a lady read before a meeting of the Cirencester Fur, Feather, and Canine Association recently. The suggestion is that chickens should be killed at four weeks old and sent to London during "the Season" as table delicacies. At that time of year birds of any kind are scarce; indeed, nothing but quails are to be had, and these young chickens find a ready sale. To quote from the letter: "We breed quantities of chickens for that purpose for ourselves, and at a dinner each person has one for himself. Once last summer I had ordered twenty chickens, and as twenty-two people were dining with us we had to send to Bailey, the poulterer in Mount Street, for two extra. He rears them himself, and charges 3s. 6d. each for chickens four

These, which were bred by crosses with other white, semi-wild cattle, were invariably most striking and beautiful animals, until they began to show signs of decreasing in size from in-breeding. The cow there now is very small. All the calves have been true to colour. But it is only too obvious that the interesting race of the British "wild" cattle, so called, must disappear unless the owners will agree to exchange blood. Probably these are the remnants of a very ancient stock of exceptionally valuable cattle, which ran half wild, as most ancient herds did, but were gradually gathered into parks as the forests became enclosed. Those at Chartley were driven in 650 years ago. There were others at Lyme Park (which herd is now extinct), and at Whalley Abbey, Lancashire, Gisburne, and once at Guisborough Priory, and also at Blakeley in Lancashire. The Cadzow and Chillingham wild herds survive; but all the rest have disappeared except the dwindling race at Chartley.

SEPTEMBER IN SCOTLAND.

It is many years since Scotland, and especially the North of Scotland, has gone so far through the autumn with so little frost as this year. In consequence the late produce of the gardens, even pears and strawberries, is growing and ripening in the middle of September, long after England has given up all thought of such things which belong to her early summertime. The trees, too, are keeping their foliage untouched by the autumnal tints. Only the rowan, that always is one of the very first to turn its hue, is showing a sign that summer is passing.

AN IMPORTANT SALE.

The sale last week of Lord Strathmore's famous herd of Aberdeen-Angus polled cattle is quite an event in the history of the breed, and was attended by a large number of bidders, intent on real business. The total sum realised was £2,741 11s., the cows and two year old heifers averaging over £50. Lord Strathmore, at the luncheon preceding the auction, expressed his regret that circumstances had forced him to break up his herd, in which both he and his father before him had taken so much interest, and indicated that his own interest in the breed would not cease, but that he hoped to have again in the future another herd of perhaps smaller numbers, but of no less first-rate quality.

SOME FRANCONIAN CHURCHES.

HIDDEN away in a picturesque corner of Bavaria lies Rothenburg, the little red city on the Tauber, and the finest specimen of an almost untouched mediæval city in all Germany. From a distance its ancient walls and towers, crowning the high hill upon which the city stands, present a sky-line of wonderful beauty and delightful irregularity. Seen at sunset, when the high-peaked gables and towers, rising midst a sea of red-tiled roofs, are glowing ruddily, the reason is at once apparent how the city gained its name. Within the walls are several fine old churches, fortunately largely unrestored, and possessing several unique features. Standing hard by the Klinging Thor, the finest tower

in Rothenburg, is the Church of St. Wolfgang, commonly called the Shepherd's Church, because a service is held there once a year for the shepherds, to bless their flocks, and especially preserve them from the wolves. Dating from the fifteenth century, the church contains much good work of that period. On the exterior, between the two doors, is a fine stone statue of



J. Shaw. BEULENDORF AND HIS WIFE. Copyright

St. Wolfgang, the patron saint, above an excellently carved panel depicting the Crucifixion. The north wall of the church forms part of the ancient fortifications, and inside the church is seen the covered passage used for defensive purposes. The interior is entered by an old oak door, still embellished with fifteenth century ironwork richly wrought into curious designs. To the left of the door is an oak staircase, a masterpiece of ancient carpentry; the wrought-iron balustrade, a flowing

design of exquisite grace, is a fine specimen of the blacksmith's art. Four hundred years ago it was richly and heavily gilt, of which it still bears faint traces. This staircase leads up to the organ loft, whence another stone staircase leads up to the watch-tower dwelling, raised high above the roof of the church, and where the priest lived. The interior is exceedingly curious and quaint, and consists of a nave, aisles, and curiously vaulted choir. At the east end is St. Wolfgang's altar. It is of the finest period of wood-carving; the figures are coloured, the robes in gold, the ground of the shrine like a brocaded carpet. There are two other altars, both splendid specimens of the wood-carver's art.

It is but a short walk from St. Wolfgang's to the Church of St. James, a noble, lofty building of graceful proportions, crowned with twin towers, from which spring open traceried spires of exquisite beauty. Curiously enough, the western extremity of the church crosses the roadway on a fine archway. Once upon a time, his Satanic Majesty here played one of his pranks. He was prowling about in the archway, and hearing one of the Rothenburgers,



J. Shaw. THE PRIEST'S HOUSE. OR WATCH-TOWER DWELLING. Copyright

who was drunk (Rothenburg beer is a vile concoction), swearing furiously, the Devil seized hold of the drunkard and hurled him against the wall. Down fell the corpse, but his soul, escaping the Devil, stuck against the wall, and remains a black dripping mark to this day. As the writer saw the mark, the story must be true. A noble porch, through which is seen a most effective street vista, gives entrance to the splendid interior. Here the massive columns, richly dight with sculpture, tower up to a great height, and from them springs the noble vaulted roof. The windows are filled with ancient stained glass, of wonderful colour and

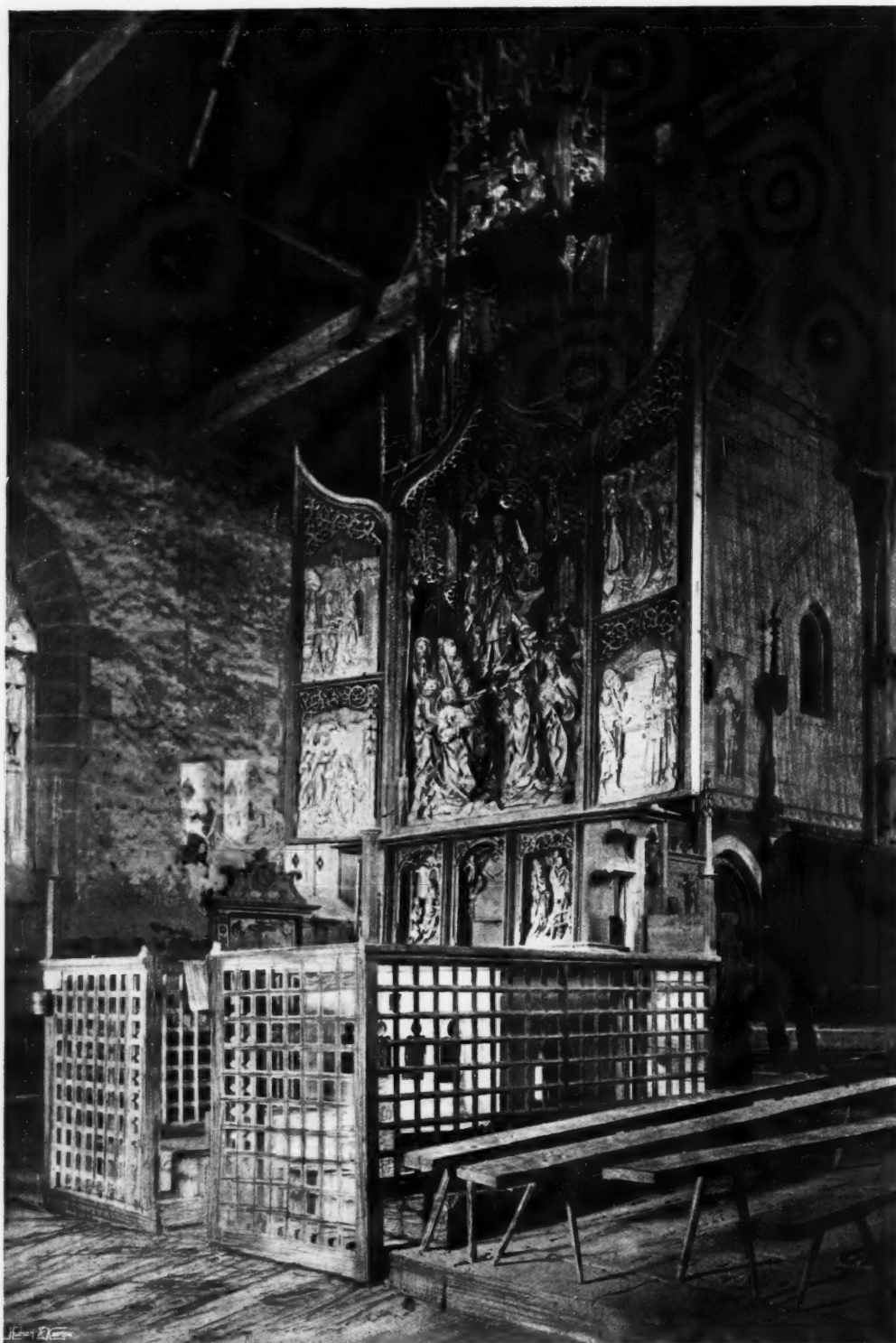
represented. On the south-east side of the church there is an effigy of a man sliding off one of the buttresses. The following story explains this. The architect built the southern tower of the church, his pupil built the northern tower, which is by far the most graceful. In a fit of jealousy the master gave the pupil such a mighty buffet that the latter fell over the battlements and was killed, and this incident is commemorated on the flying buttress.

Another fine old Rothenburg church is the Franciscan Church, so rich in tombs and monuments that it has been styled the Westminster Abbey of Rothenburg. Our illustration shows the curious effigies of Hans von Beulendorf and his wife sculptured upon one of the columns of the nave. This church has been ruthlessly spoiled by repeated lime-washings, and by painting the plaster-work to imitate masonry, the real, rugged stonework being all the time behind the false face.

Eleven miles away from Rothenburg, down the lovely valley of the Tauber, is the ancient town of Creglingen. Here there is an unique church, the Herrgottskirche, rich in beautiful sculptures, and containing the finest altar-piece of unrestored and, strange to say, unpainted wood-carving in all Germany. Briefly, the history of the church is this: According to tradition, there was found where the church now stands "the holy body of our dear Lord Christ" (a host unearthed, belonging to some peasant), "and since then there have been many wonderful and manifest signs in these places." As Konrad and Gottfried, Counts of Brauneck, "had themselves seen and heard these wonderful and manifest signs," they built on this place "a chapel of the Sacred Body of Christ, or Herrgottskirche." The church was consecrated in 1389, and in 1394 was endowed with rich indulgences by Pope Boniface IX. Still further indulgences were added to by Popes Sixtus IV. (1471-84) and Julius II. (1503-13). The indulgences attracted crowds of pilgrims, and soon the Herrgottskirche was one of the most popular pilgrim churches. The church is built in the richest Decorated Gothic. There are three exquisite doorways, each with a delicate screen of perforated stonework hanging in front of the mouldings of the arch, like a lace veil. The six massive buttresses surrounding the choir terminate in flowered gables, that are covered with grotesque carvings in excellent preservation. In the corner, between the choir and nave, is a beautiful octagonal turret, with a richly pierced balcony, from which, according to tradition, Tetzels delivered indulgences.

Probably from this balcony, or pulpit, the sacred relics have been shown to the crowds of devout pilgrims who, the church being too small for their numbers, encamped on the vast and stony hillside, which descends steeply to the road below.

Attractive as is the exterior of this architectural gem, the interior affords a much rarer gratification. Here are splendid altars, rich in vivid colour, gleaming with gold and grandly carved. On the folding doors of these altars are painted many valuable pictures of the old German school, and the altar tables themselves are covered with priceless old lace. Remnants of beautiful old stained glass still fill the long, slender windows, and



J. Shaw.

THE HIGH ALTAR AT HERRGOTTSKIRCHE.

Copyright

brilliancy, dating from the best period of Franconian art. The sunlight streaming through them floods this fine interior with glorious colour. There are several quaint altars, all superbly carved, richly gilded, and highly coloured. The high altar is a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wohlegemuth's masterpieces, the master of Albrecht Dürer. To the left of the altar is the sacrament house, a fine relief in stone, and covered with curious symbolical carvings.

Unfortunately, the beauty of the interior is to a certain extent spoiled by the walls being covered with limewash. Many curious sculptures are to be found on the exterior, but they are weather-worn so badly that it is difficult to tell what they



Shaw.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. WOLFGANG'S.

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J. Shaw. ANCIENT IRONWORK AND OAK STAIRCASE, ST. WOLFGANG'S. Copyright

hung high overhead is the enormous, crude beam cross made from two pine trees, which was carried from Rome by one of the local nobles as a penance. The gem of the church is the great high altar. There is some doubt as to who the carver of this stupendous masterpiece was, but it is attributed to Tilmann Riemenschneider (1531), and is recognised as the most delicate and ardent of this wonderful carver's work. The subject is the Assumption. The Virgin is being wafted up to heaven by five angels. The twelve apostles are kneeling around the tomb; the expression on their faces is most striking. Over the figure of Mary is a pointed arch with the richest and daintiest filigree work. This rich ornamentation becomes finer and still more delicate as it rises higher and higher, until almost lost to sight in the darkness of the vault. Over the Assumption we see the crowning of Mary; God the Father to the left, God the Son to the right, and above the crown we perceive the emblem of the Holy Ghost. Highest stands the triumphant Christ rising from the dead. Perhaps the most interesting feature in this altar-piece is the small figure of the carver himself. He has portrayed himself as an angel standing behind a seated figure in one of the panels of the predella. It is a living portrait, full of virility, perfect in pose, and wonderful in its suggestion of flesh. It is the man himself who is gazing calmly there alone, and, like all these German kings of craftsmen, he has chosen a place in his wonderful creation that is almost hidden away.

Pitiful to relate, the townspeople are burning to restore (? destroy) this grand old church. Already they have 20,000 marks in hand, and are puritanically zealous to be destroying.

A start was made some years ago at the east end, where the rugged masonry has been smoothed nicely over with thick plaster, which has been painted with many coats, and lined out to represent the real thing lying behind. Fortunately, funds ran low, and the fell work was stopped. Soon they will be destroying again, the high altar will be well sand-papered and coloured, and the noble church plastered and painted, so that it will not offend, as it undoubtedly now does, the Herren and Frauen, who delight to worship amidst an aroma of fresh paint and white-wash. All who would see these noble buildings as their builders left them must go at once, for they are doomed.

JAMES SHAW.

PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUSTS.

THE creation of Public-house Trust Companies is only the latest development of a movement which dates back to the year 1877. In that year the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, on his appointment to the parish of Hampton Lucy in Warwickshire, found himself the trustee of a village inn left by a predecessor in trust for the parish. He decided to run the inn on what are known as "Gothenburg" lines, the main principles adopted being that the liquor should be of good quality and the manager should have no interest in increasing its sale. This experiment was followed by others, notably that at Elan Valley, where the Birmingham Waterworks Committee established a canteen for the use of its workmen, which led to the formation by the Bishop of Chester and Colonel Craufurd in 1896 of the People's Refreshment-house Association. Its aim was "to give wider facilities for the adoption of the

system of public-house management, with limited profits, already successfully at work in various parts of the United Kingdom," and it is the model on which the County Public-house Trusts have been formed.

The principles of the Trust Companies are, in brief, to apply to public-houses whenever possible a system of administration which will secure their management as a Trust in the interests of the community, and not for private profit. The maximum dividend payable to the shareholders is 5 per cent., the surplus profits being devoted to public objects. Under the rules adopted the houses are maintained as genuine refreshment houses, where food and non-alcoholics are as readily served as beer and spirits; articles of pure and wholesome quality are supplied; and the manager receives a fixed salary, with inducements to push the trade in food and non-intoxicants, but with no interest in the sale of alcoholics.

The successful experiments of the People's Refreshment-house Association led Lord Grey in 1901 to form, purely as a propagandist society, the Central Public-house Trust Association, for the purpose of inaugurating a Public-house Trust Company in every county, the county as a unit being an essential feature of the scheme. Beginning with Northumberland, Kent and Durham and North Yorkshire, local Trusts have now been established in nearly every county in England, only Leicestershire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Buckinghamshire remaining for the present aloof from the movement. Trusts have also been formed in Ulster and in South Wales. In Scotland, where the movement has established itself strongly, and a number of Trust

Companies are working, a Scottish Central Association has been formed this year to spread Trust principles.

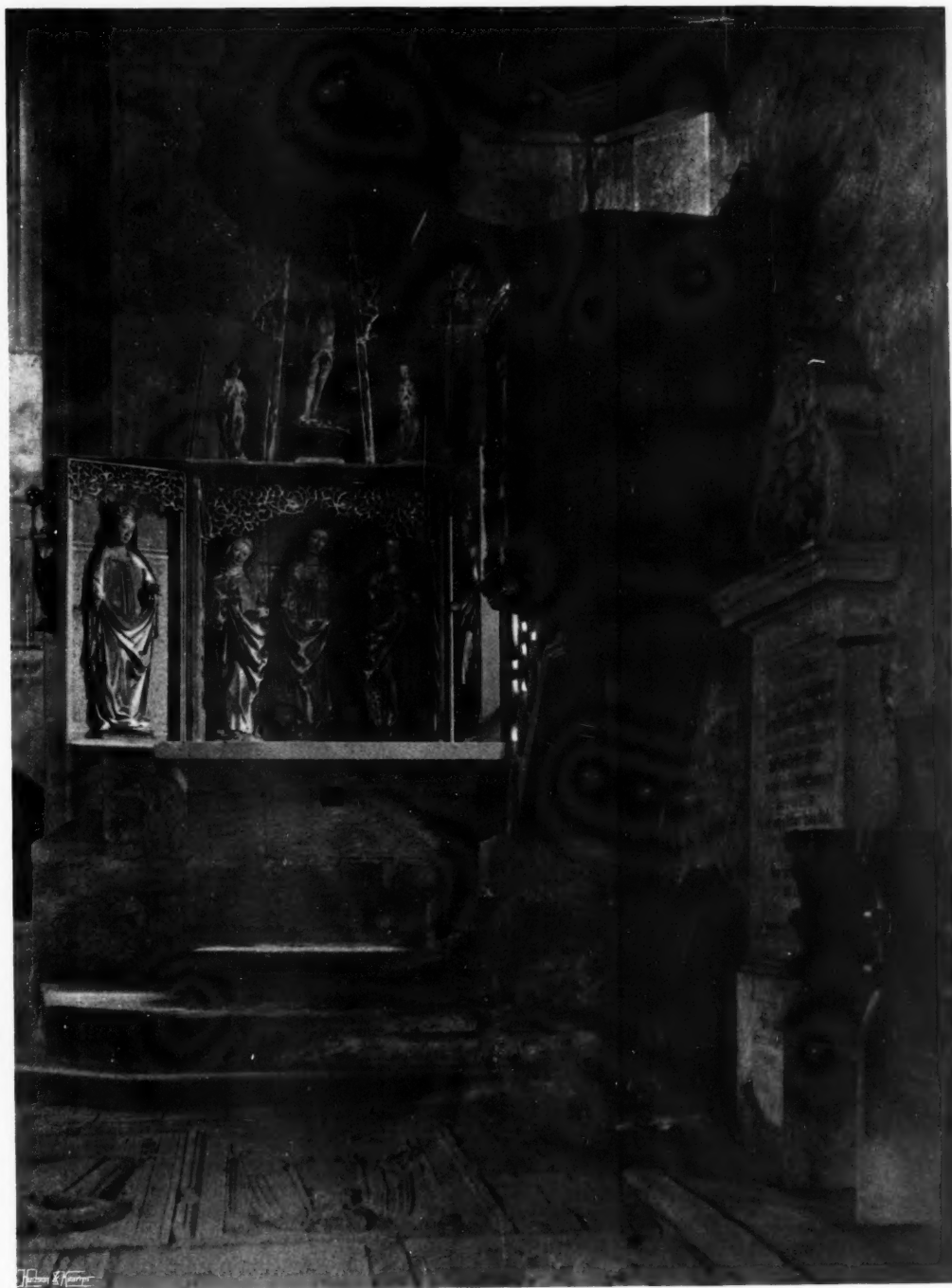
At the time of writing about 140 public-houses are under Trust management. This number is likely to be largely increased in the near future, as landowners are more and more appreciating the advantages to a village or neighbourhood of local Trusts as the present tenancy agreements expire.

Such, in brief, is the origin and purport of the Trust movement. The founders have no reason to be dissatisfied with the results so far attained. To have organised a company in nearly every county in England, and to have secured the control of 140 public-houses in not more than three years, is a record to be proud of. Progress, however, must be slow, because the field is, to a large extent, already occupied. The tied-house system, which has grown so much during the last twenty-five years, submits to a very large extent the operations of the Trusts. There are, however, two sorts of tied houses, namely, those that are the property of the brewing companies, and those which have been leased to them for a term of years. It is quite useless for the Trust to look to the first category for any new openings, for the reason that they are never offered for sale unless they are worthless; these unprofitable houses are only held to provide "surrenders" to offer to the licensing magistrates in exchange for new and valuable licences. The other kind of tied house, that which is tied only for so long as the lease runs, is quite within the reach of the Trust, providing that the owner can be satisfied that he will be no worse off pecuniarily under Trust management than under brewery management. Those who have looked into this matter have no fear but that the Trust can be quite as good a tenant as the brewer as regards rent, and very much better as managers and improvers of property. Because, to raise the standard of an inn must be to improve it as a property.

It is not difficult to understand why the Trust can afford to maintain a higher standard in the houses under its management than the Trade. It has not to earn a dividend for an over-capitalised company. As soon as the moderate interest, which is limited to 5 per cent. per annum on the called-up capital, has been secured, and a reasonable reserve has been established, the profits over and above are handed over for some beneficial object of interest and of use to the community, and it is hoped that these will take the form, as far as possible, of counter-attractions to the public-house. The aim of the Trust in the management of their houses is to treat those of the poorer classes who have not clubs with the courtesy and attention they might expect to meet with if they had. The Trust house should be the club of the village: The comfort of a club would cease to be if every waiter were interested in the amount of alcohol consumed by the members. The elimination, therefore, of all interest in the sale of liquor is perhaps the most important feature of the movement. The manager of a Trust house has a fixed salary, and is paid in addition commission on the food, tobacco, and mineral waters which he sells; but his salary does not vary with the amount of alcoholic liquor sold, and he has, therefore, no personal interest in pressing the sale. What the promoters of this movement wish to prevent is the forcing of the sale of intoxicants, and the creating thereby of an artificial demand.

Although the public-house is a public necessity, the monopoly is surely not granted merely to become an engine for extracting profits from the pockets of the community, quite regardless of the duties and responsibilities which it carries with it. Yet we find too often but little regard paid to the order, cleanliness, or decency of the house. The majority of the people do not appreciate rowdiness and drunkenness, and it is quite a question whether trade is increased by lowering the standard of public-houses and allowing all these abuses to creep in. Lord Rowton told the writer that soon after he had opened his first lodging-house in London there was a bad case of rowdiness, and he dealt with it in the following manner: He went to the house himself and explained to the lodgers that the building was for their use and enjoyment—that it was their club—and that he could not conceive that their comfort was increased by some of the lodgers indulging in horse-play. He told them also that if a member of a club to which he belonged attempted anything of the kind he would be summarily ejected from the premises, with the general approval of the members, and he felt quite sure that their feeling would be the same. He left the matter in their hands, confident that order would be maintained; he appealed to them like gentlemen, and they responded in the same spirit. There was no more rowdiness in the lodging-house. That is the spirit in which the Public-house Trust Companies wish to conduct the houses under their control.

It will generally be found that the rowdy and drunken are in a very small minority, but by their noise and violence they



J. Shaw.

ABOVE THE ALTAR, HERRGOTTSKIRCHE.

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contrive to make life unbearable for the majority of peaceable citizens. By dealing firmly with these customers the whole tone of a public-house can be changed, to the infinite comfort of the locality. Unfortunately, when the interest of the publican is directly connected with the amount of liquor drunk, he is inclined to look upon the man who drinks too much as a friend of the house, and the man who drinks only sufficient to satisfy his requirements as the man who drinks too little.

Another important side of the question is the quality of the liquors sold. The object of the Trust Companies is not to make large profits, but to supply the best article at a fair price. It is a curious fact that though there is great competition in the Trade, not only between brewery companies, but also between public-houses which are adjacent to each other, the price of liquor is, as a rule, the same. As in other trades, the profits of the public-house are made between the cost price and the selling price of the different articles, and where there is a monopoly the temptation is to keep the cost price down by supplying an inferior article. The Trust, having only to pay its expenses and to secure a small percentage on a moderate capital, is able to give a much better quality of article than is, as a rule, to be found in the ordinary public-house. It has no object in squeezing the most out of its customers and giving as little as possible in return. The writer knows of a case where a gentleman called at one of the Trust houses in his district and asked from what firm the spirits were procured. On being told the name he was somewhat surprised, and remarked that he could not afford to deal with that firm himself, thus paying—perhaps unconsciously—a high tribute to Trust management. In country districts, where the quality of liquor supplied is often

deplorable, these benefits are very much appreciated. In a tied house there is no option but to sell the beer of the particular brewery to which the house is attached. For instance, in a village in which there is only one house, and that a tied house, the inhabitants have no choice but to buy the liquor supplied by the owning brewer. Any stuff that he chooses to sell they must consume. The advantage which the Trust offers in this direction is enormous. It can go where it pleases for its beer. As a rule, quotations and samples are invited from all the brewers in the neighbourhood, and the Directors take great personal trouble to select the best article. In the case of there being any complaints from the locality served by the Trust, an enquiry is at once held, and, if necessary, beer is obtained from another brewery. Every possible consideration is given to the opinion of those who use the house. It is easy to conceive that this system meets with general approval on the part of the consumers. None the less is Trust management appreciated by landlords. In the appointment of managers they are always consulted, and any suggestions made by them to the Board are carefully considered. The Trust invites the hearty co-operation of the landlord in the work of raising the tone and increasing the comfort of the villagers, and it is only right to say that if it had not been for the goodwill of the landlords the movement could have made but little way, because the few houses which are not tied houses are mostly in their hands.

There is no wish to weary the reader with statistics, or with any long recapitulation of principles. They are well known. The object of this article will have been accomplished if it induces anyone to look more closely into the objects and work of the movement itself.

C. ADEANE.

THE LAND OF THE WHITE ORYX.—IV.

By E. N. BUXTON.

IN the last paper I described a successful stalk, and mentioned that a second bull oryx had been wounded and followed the herd. It is not always the most merciful course to follow a wounded animal at once; but as soon as the obsequies of the first animal had been completed, we took up the trail. This was slow work, as on a surface of loose sand the blood spots are not easy to distinguish, and tracks not well defined; but, with patience, we carried it for several miles, when I perceived the animal standing under a thorn tree at some distance. While we were still examining it through the glass, it saw us, and started again, apparently with renewed vigour; and, as it was now late, and we were far from camp, we had to abandon the quest for that night. On taking up the



LEUCORYX IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

spoor in the morning we quickly made out a large black object, or one which appeared black by contrast with the pale grass.



STREET AT EL OBEID.



SHEIKH NIMIR SOKATTI.

The glass showed it to be a very large hyena, who was too busy with something to notice our approach. A long shot missed him, but drove him off at full gallop with all his hackles up, and on the spot he vacated we found our quarry, already half devoured. He appeared to have been pulled down soon after we lost sight of him the previous evening. As my bullet had taken him full in the shoulder, it was extraordinary that he should have struggled so far; but, to tell the truth, a .275 bullet is not powerful enough to make sure of an antelope of the size and gameness of the leucoryx. Judging from the way in which the ground had been trampled, he had made a struggle for his life. Moreover, the point of one of his horns was bent over and nearly broken, while clinging to it were several tawny hairs, apparently those of a lion. There had evidently been a fine rivalry over the prize in the night, and the heavy body had been dragged many yards from where it fell. The dark gentleman, whom we had disturbed at a late breakfast, had probably been kept off by something bigger and braver. This oryx also carried a pair of horns scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of his companion. They were somewhat shorter than the first, but stronger and wider at the points. I could not hope to beat this fine pair of heads, and, having now secured three specimens, I was under no temptation to shoot any more oryx. I also had the same number of rhyll, or *addra*, one of my successful shots at which is here illustrated. I therefore devoted myself whole-heartedly to a serious attempt to photograph these rare species in the wild state. Owing to the open nature of the country, the extreme wildness of these antelopes, and the cumbrousness of my long-range camera, this is a far more arduous and uncertain task than hunting them, but for that reason it is of absorbing interest. The heat of the day gives the best chance of approach, and I wasted more tissue to secure the picture with that title and some others already reproduced, than in any stalk armed with a mere rifle. I cannot boast much of the results, but it must be remembered that it is almost impossible to get within 200yds. of these creatures; and as the camera must necessarily be exposed as well as the operator, it is practically certain that he will be seen, and that the herd, after standing at gaze for a few seconds, will depart. Thus every adjustment must be made in great haste, and a guess hazarded at

the distance, deliberate focussing being impossible. For this reason I used on this journey a portrait lens with a 19in. focus, which, having a wider range of good definition than the telephoto lens, does not require such delicate manipulation.

The picture at the head of this chapter, and others which have appeared accompanying these notes, may give the impression of a denser bush than is really the case with the park-like country favoured by the oryx; but it must be remembered that there are some thorns nearly everywhere, and that such cover had always to be sought to afford the means of approach. As these bushes generally appear in the foreground, it is necessary to explain that the oryx are generally found in the open, though they love the shade of a large tree. Once only did I succeed in getting within 100yds. of an oryx with the camera. I came upon him without warning, as he was standing quite alone in a hollow, apparently sleepy with heat. He or she, for I do not know the sex, had a fine head, and I could easily have secured it, but such a chance of a picture was not to be lost. The creature just gave me time to get out my camera and secure a hasty "snap" before it perceived me, and departed quite slowly, as though it was too lazy to run. Unfortunately, the sun was already low, and exactly behind the animal. For this reason, or, perhaps, some error in the adjustment, due to my haste, nothing but a black smudge appeared on that plate.

At Jebel Has Has, leaving camp one morning at sunrise, we passed through a belt of comparatively thick bush. Down a vista something was seen to move in front of us. The light was too dim to be sure of its identity, but our Arabs were much excited, and immediately began to describe in pantomime their manner of de ending themselves with spears from the attacks of lions. The next minute we all saw the creature again. He came out from a patch of grass, from which he was hardly distinguishable, and

attentively considered us—a yellow, broad-fronted creature. I could not even then—so bad was the light—be sure, but when we went to the spot, the tracks were plainly enough those of a lion. Having meat in camp, it was probable that we might receive a visit, and that night I took the precaution of building several fires round the camp, and told off men to keep them up. In the night I heard a commotion, and, leaving my tent, saw that the donkeys, who were tethered close by, were stamping



DEAD ADDRA.



MY UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

and trembling. In the morning I strolled into the bushes, and quickly found the fresh tracks of a lion within 20yds. of our tents. They were very distinct on the grey dust of the "fula," as a hollow is called where water stands in the wet season. It was not till some hours afterwards, on my return to camp, that I heard from the camel scout that his leather belt, with a short sword and scabbard attached, had been carried off, as he said, by the lion. He had easily tracked it up, as the scabbard made a line in the sand, and recovered it at some distance from camp, but the belt was in three pieces, two-thirds of it having been consumed, while the fragments plainly showed the marks of the animal's teeth. He declared that the track was that of a lion, but it seems to me much more like the thieving propensities of a hyena.

In this part of the country we saw, more than once, herds of the large variety of the *Damaliscus*, or bastard hartebeest. This was a desirable trophy, being a little-known species; but the only chance I got, which was a very easy one, I missed disgracefully; or, to speak more correctly, I killed a young one in place of the old bull, whose sweeping pair of horns I coveted. So fine were they that at the time I mistook it for a roan antelope running with the herd of hartebeest, though I knew that the presence of a roan over 200 miles from the river was highly improbable. A friend who was out with the camel corps a few days afterwards, in these regions, killed one of these exceptional hartebeest. Mr. P. L. Sclater, than whom there is no higher authority, believes Captain Hawker's specimen to belong to the variety described as *korrigum*. This has been hitherto regarded as a West African species, and its presence in Kordofan is remarkable if its identity is established. It is, however, in this respect, of wandering enormous distances East and West in search of grass, similar to the leucoryx and

addra, and perhaps other desert-dwelling animals.

This was by no means my only bad miss on this trip. On one such occasion my Arab attendant looked much pained and shocked, and said, "God is indeed displeased"; and, on my enquiring further, he explained, "When God was pleased, the animals fell every time to the Howadji's shot." He considered that I was undoubtedly under a ban.

My worst misfortune, however, was to kill something which I should have done better to miss. It was at midday, and very hot, and the camp asleep. I was reclining in my tent, when one of the Arabs crawled to the foot of my bed, bringing my rifle, and whispered, eagerly, "Nahm, nahm"—i.e., ostrich. Sitting up on the foot of the bed, I perceived the great black body of the bird—it was a cock—with up-

stretched neck and head; but, having strolled out of the bush, and seeing only low green tents, which were something beyond his experience, he was unconscious of danger. In the ordinary way, an ostrich is the wildest of wild creatures, and manages to keep his distance very effectually. Now, I had no particular object in shooting an ostrich, which I had done in other regions, except to obtain meat, for which my follower ardently hankered; but my shot sped true, whereat my followers rejoiced. The body, when bereft of its skin, looked as big as a donkey's, and they feasted. It was not till some days after that, glancing at the game regulations, I was reminded that ostriches are included in the sacrosanct schedule of animals forbidden to be killed. Now, I had taken great interest in the preservation of big game in the Soudan, and I have since been assured that this immunity of the ostrich was inserted on my suggestion. It will therefore be understood with what humiliation of spirit I wrote to the Game Officer to confess the murder, and how I longed to bury the bird and say nothing about it. Needless to say, I was very properly fined, and thus purged of my offence; but my friends show no disposition to forget the incident. In the accompanying picture my unfortunate victim is surrounded by a characteristic group of my camel-men, whose opinion of me always rose or fell in proportion to my success in satisfying their craving for meat, and, as I did not shoot with that object, it was sometimes at a low ebb. I am reminded of one evening, when they all approached us in a body, chanting some doggerel. I did not know what was up till they pointed at the slender new moon, which they had just perceived. It was to wish me "straight powder" during the ensuing month, and themselves more meat.

A week or two later was the feast of Bairam, and I again received hints that this was a great opportunity for me. Having no meat, I devoted a precious packet of porridge to their use.



THE GLEAM OF THE RIVER.

This, helped out by sundry pots of jam and some tinned milk, was prepared in the foot-bath, and made a splendid mess for them, which they consumed with their fingers in about 30sec. by the stop-watch.

The farthest point westward reached by us was at the wells of Kaja, from which we had intended to turn to the North, to Dongola, on the big westerly bend of the Nile; but the known wells on this route are far apart, and we were informed by two Arabs who had paid a recent visit to Bagariyeh—one of the most important links—that the well there was dry this year. I had no means of testing the truth of this, but, if true, with our limited water-carrying power and slow-moving caravan, it would have involved continuous and heavy marching to bridge the long, waterless interval. We were also informed that game was scarce, if not absent altogether, that season from those regions. We therefore decided, not unwillingly, to turn back towards the pleasant country which lay behind us, and where we should thus have time to vary our route as we pleased, and dawdle somewhat in districts of which we knew the conditions already. Nor did we ever see reason to regret this decision. Indeed, not to be pressed is an essential element of real enjoyment in a trip like ours. It was in the latter part of our journey that some of the incidents I have described occurred. At Kaja we were welcomed and advised by Sheik Nimr Sokatti, who rules over some twenty-five villages in these regions—a courteous Arab gentleman and a good host. He was the possessor of a well-bred and pure white camel of great speed, of which he was vastly proud; but the handsomest camels we saw were the young and hitherto unriden camels being pastured in great numbers by nomadic Arabs. These wanderers are to some extent independent of wells, as they live on the camels' milk. They were very civil to us, and if we met them on the march their head-man would extract from the folds of his saddle some woven vessel filled with camel's milk and offer us a drink. Nevertheless, their neighbourhood was not desirable, as all game stood in great dread of these droves of camels, and with reason. On one occasion we witnessed from a distance the exodus of a very large herd of "wahash," for which we could not account; but the next morning we discovered the cause in a big herd of camels widespread on the plain where none had been the day before. Whereupon we ourselves followed the prudent example of the "wahash."

With March the heat increased considerably, and we found it prudent, at times, to march at night. The difficulty is to find reliable shade during the hottest hours. When an ample tree with plenty of foliage cannot be found, it should be remembered that even a double tent is not sufficient to keep out the fiercest rays, and it should be fortified with blankets, mattresses, or any other impermeable material.

It now became necessary to turn eastward again, and after enjoying once more the shelter and entertainment of our kind friends at El Obeid, we once more saw the welcome gleam of the river on March 20th; but it was with some regret that we turned our backs on the thirsty desert land. My bag was a small one, but it was distinctly select, and I had got what I hoped for.

IN THE GARDEN.

EARLY-FLOWERING CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

THESE beautiful autumn flowers promise almost completely to displace the old November-flowering sorts, though only a few years ago they were little known. Some varieties will bloom as early as the beginning of July, but these always look out of place, and the colours of the flowers do not seem to stand the intense sun of that season, and we do not like to be reminded of autumn in the middle of the summer. Most of us will agree with the remark of a writer in Robinson's "English Flower Garden," that "to have Chrysanthemums much before their natural season is a practice of doubtful value in the flower garden." This remark may be made of the August-flowering varieties as well, and even to those of early September, as we have plenty of good flowers in beauty then. It is in late September, and still more in October, that we really need them most to brighten the garden and give cut flowers for the house. In starting to grow these early-flowering Chrysanthemums, get some plants from a nurseryman in April, the earlier the better. They will probably be very small, only rooted cuttings in fact, and it will be advisable to pot them off and put them in a cold frame, keeping them there for two or three weeks until they are thoroughly well established, and then transfer them to the open ground. This will save the risk of loss from slugs, to which they are very subject. It is not necessary to get more than one of a variety, or at most two, as they can be propagated so soon, even the first year. They are a pleasing contrast in their habit of growth to the November-flowering kinds, with their tall, bare stems, as few of these early-flowering Chrysanthemums exceed 3ft. in height, and, if well grown, the stems will be clothed with healthy foliage to the ground. As a rule, they need a little support, to prevent their being laid low by a September or October gale when the heads are heavy with water. Though they are perfectly hardy, in wet or low-lying situations they need a little protection from slugs, as well as climate, through the winter. This is best given by putting cinder-ashes or leaf-mould over the stools, and this should be removed early in the spring for the sake of the young shoots springing up. In such gardens it is well not to rely upon the plants for a second season, as the slugs often graze off the shoots in the spring

as fast as they come up, but fresh plants should be raised every year. Cuttings should be taken in July, choosing the upper two inches of the strongest stems, and cutting the base of the shoot straight across just below a joint, or node. The reason for choosing the strongest growths is that they make the finest plants, while the stems from which they are taken will send out the strongest secondary growths for the autumn. These cuttings will make good plants if potted off at the end of August or beginning of September, and kept in a cold frame through the winter, sending up several shoots from the base in the early spring. From these shoots, if it is desired to increase the supply of flowering plants for the same year, excellent cuttings may be obtained. They should be taken as soon as the plants will provide them, say, in early March, when they strike readily in sandy soil in heat, or more slowly in a cold frame. In a month or six weeks they may be potted off and grown on in a cold frame till May, when they should be planted out in well-manured soil. The earlier the cuttings can be struck the finer plants they will make.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE MIXED BORDER.

The proper place for these Chrysanthemums is the mixed border. A flower-bed filled with them is not a success, as those who have seen them in the London public gardens will admit. They look awkward, and occupy the ground a long time before flowering. But in large clumps on a border, just supported with a few strong stakes, they are seen at their best. They will grow in almost any position, whether the soil is dry or wet; but they flourish best on a deeply-dug, richly-manured, fairly moist soil, well in the sun; in other words, in the best positions in the garden, for, as stated above, all Chrysanthemums like good culture. They make excellent pot-flowers for the conservatory, being much valued, as they come on just before the ordinary late-flowering varieties. The time of flowering can be influenced considerably by the amount of pinching the plants are submitted to; those called September-flowering varieties being made to flower in October by pinching twice in the season instead of once, and it is then, perhaps, that they are most valued. Pinching makes the plants dwarf and bushy, and increases the supply of sprays for cutting. Generally speaking, the plants may be pinched in June, and again in July; but the pinching of all the stems on a stool should not be done at the same time, as it gives a check to the plants by lessening root action while the plant is forming new shoots to take the place of those removed, and we want all the vigour of growth we can get. It is better to pinch one or two shoots at a time at intervals of a week. There is an excellent use to which these early-flowering varieties can be put, especially for those who have not sufficient house-room to flower the later varieties. They can be grown in the open border, and kept late and bushy by pinching, and in October taken up and potted and put in the greenhouse or conservatory, when they will flower well in November, and sometimes until Christmas.

GREAT VARIETY OF COLOUR.

There is a great variety of colour amongst these flowers, and a vast number of named sorts. It seems that purples, mauves, rose pinks, and lilacs are not a success late in the year, but need a fair amount of sun to bring them to perfection, though not the hot sun of August. The colours that do best, and are, generally speaking, the finest, are white, yellow, orange red, bronze, and deep crimson. It is difficult, in choosing from a catalogue, to know exactly what one is buying when selecting varieties described as rosy salmon, rose purple, lilac pink, and other combinations; but with the colours suggested above there is not much chance of going astray. Not only are they the most beautiful, but they stand bad weather better than other kinds, the various shades of yellow standing almost any amount of beating about. There are two distinct classes, besides a nondescript one. There is the Japanese type with loose blossoms, some with more or less reflexed petals, and there is the Pompon class, with its incurved petals, which are not nearly so showy in these smaller-flowered varieties as the Japanese forms. In addition to these two classes there are many varieties which cannot properly be said to belong to either the one or the other, the flowers being like small rosettes, and decidedly less beautiful than the Japanese or Pompons, the former being the most graceful of the three, and the best adapted for indoor decoration.

RANDCM NOTES.

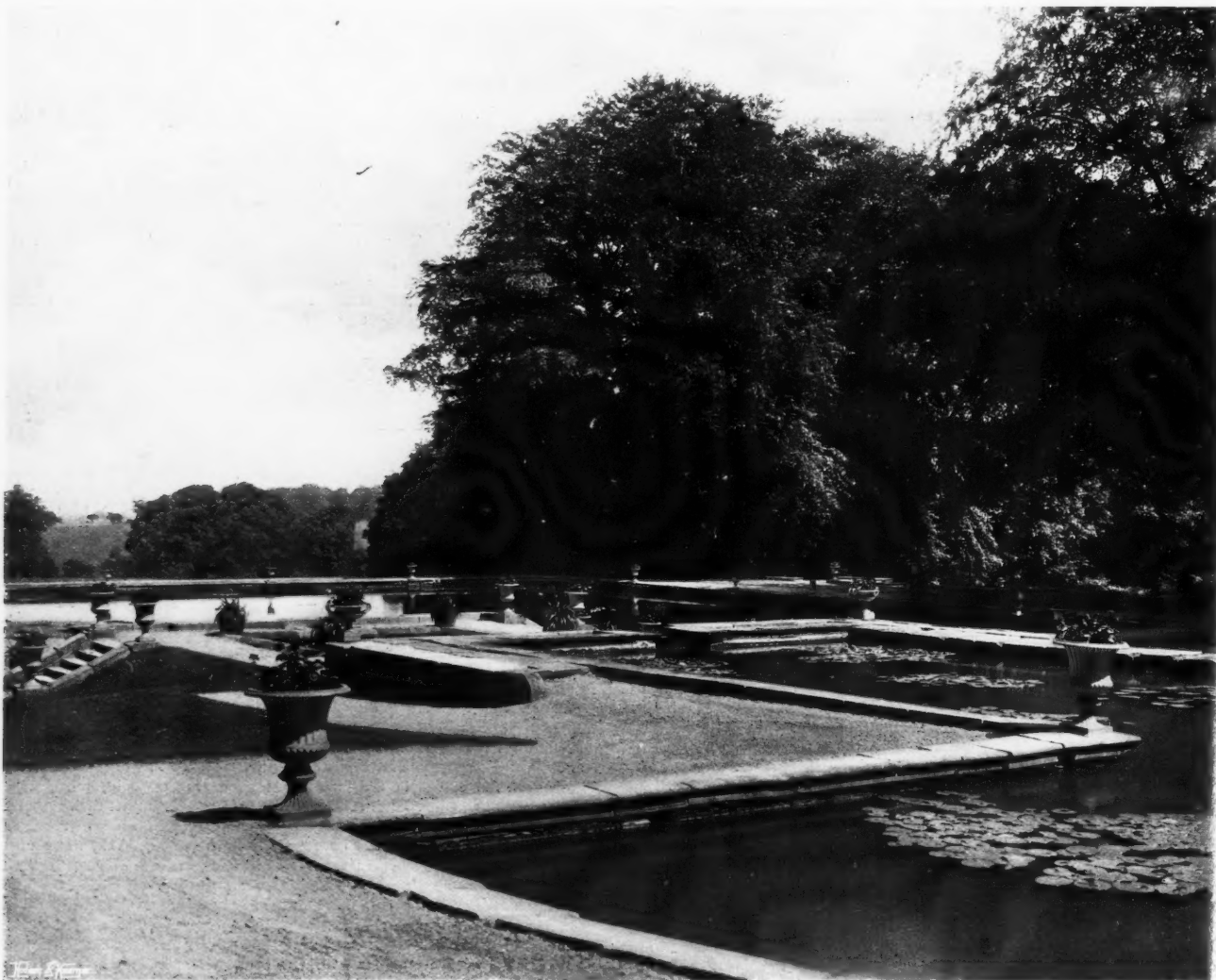
Ordering Bulbs.—Orders for bulbs should be sent in at once, as the rule generally is first come, first served. Catalogues are pouring in, each useful in its own way, and all containing lists of rare and common kinds for the embellishment of the spring garden. We counsel moderation in the choice of sorts, especially in the case of the beginner, who, when confronted with a string of varieties in little bags, is puzzled to know where to place them without risk of creating incongruous effects. It is wiser to select a dozen of the finest sorts that are known to succeed, and do not omit the beautiful Gesner's Tulip, to carry the season of flowers from the time of Daffodils far into May, when this gorgeous Tulip opens out to the sun.

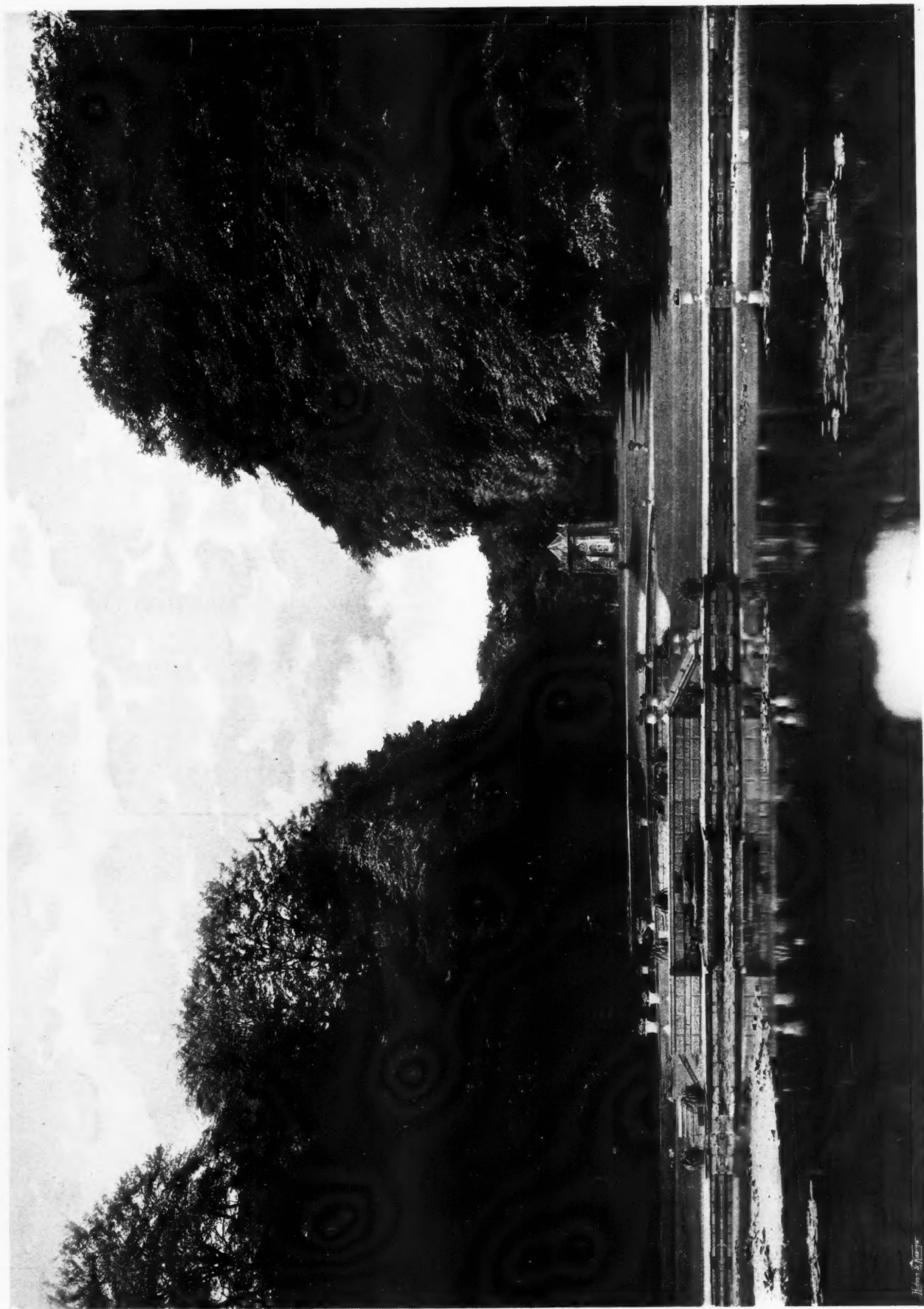
A Hint about Carnations.—An enthusiastic gardener gives the following hint about the growing of Carnations: "It is quite certain that a Carnation plant will last longer in health when its collar is screened from damp by stones, or any such protection as is afforded by steeply sloping ground. Extremes of heat are quite as injurious as winter cold, for the Carnation prefers an equable climate that is neither too hot nor too cold, such as is found over the greater part of our islands. So, then, if the Carnation is to last long in the garden you love, plant it on banks with plenty of big stones about to screen the collars of the plants from moisture and cold, rendering the temperature equable. Let the aspect be east or west rather than south, and let the wind blow freely over it, for no flower enjoys wind more than the Carnation. Most gardeners have a wind-blown corner. Why not plant the Carnation there and shelter the clumps with stones? When you can, let the flowers and foliage hang down naturally, and you will achieve in the second summer a tangled mass quite unlike the conventional Carnation bed, and infinitely more enduring. By the sea, and on sloping banks, the spicy Cloves endure for years, and need only an occasional layering; so where there is the opportunity of making a dry wall, with plenty of earth behind, moist, and yet well drained, there is the place for a long-lived display of Carnations, which will give several years of pleasure before it needs thorough renewal or overhauling."



NO one should be surprised at the abundant satisfaction which the Yorkshireman finds in contemplating the glories of his many-acred shire. Its historic memories, the magnificence of its scenery, the splendours of its monastic architecture, its variety, and the unfailing charm of its character where it remains unspoiled by the utilitarian hand—all these make it, as Fuller says, "the best shire of England, and that not by the general *katachresis* of good for great, but in the proper acceptance thereof." "If," he says, "in Tullie's Orations, all being excellent that is admitted *optima qua longissima*, the best which is the longest, then, by the same proportion, this shire, partaking in goodness alike with the others, must be allowed the best." To this quaint demonstration there are those who take exception in the matter of domestic architecture, and even the faithful Murray, though he will cry "Yorke, Yorke for my monie," makes a certain disallowance here. If we are in quest of places that are "grand," we may experience some disappointment, perhaps, at the rarity of great edifices in some parts of the county; but if we look for the dwellings of the substantial yeoman, the prosperous trader and the country squire of Tudor and Stuart times, we shall find in the dales abundant materials to fill a hundred sketch books.

Bramham Park is of another class altogether. It is not one of these, but a truly great house of the county, belonging to a time in which—as Taine says in reference to the monarchical and formal gardens of Le Nôtre as the complement of the grave and studied architecture of Mansard and Perrault—"men were studious of their dignity and observers of the proprieties." What a contrast may we conceive between the finished sweetness of the Bramham gardens to-day, and the untamed wildness of the region in the early times of our rough island story. Through this country marched the legionaries of Rome along the ninth *iter* of Antonine from *Eboracum* (York) to neighbouring *Calcaria* (Tadcaster), thence onward along the southern border of what is now Bramham Park towards Leeds, which some have identified with *Loidanum*, onward again to *Cambodunum* (Slack), and through the forbidding fastnesses of the hills to *Mancunium* (Manchester). Other Roman roads passed by Bramham also, coming northward from *Danum* (Doncaster) and *Legolium* (Castleford), and the country is still rich in Roman remains. All was wild moorland then, and for a long time thereafter, and here on Bramham Moor, in 1408, did Sir Thomas Rokeby with the Royal forces defeat the Earl of Northumberland and other nobles who had revolted against Henry IV.





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE OBELISK POND.

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Bramham Park was the first enclosure from the moorland, coming by Royal grant in the time of William and Mary to the family of Benson, a distinguished member of which was raised to the peerage with the barony of Bingley, long since extinct, in July, 1713. It has been said that the park was planted by Robert Benson of Wrenthorpe, father of the first Lord Bingley; but whether the work was his or his son's, it was a labour of love judiciously executed with a view to the future, and resulting in the magnificence of sylvan splendour which we may now enjoy. The country about Bramham is finely diversified with hill and hollow, and, among all the beautiful regions of Yorkshire, this land between the Wharfe and the Aire may certainly claim a notable place. The foliage is magnificent, and the huge beeches and great oaks and other trees have attained splendid proportions, some of them being patrician monarchs indeed. The builder of the house was Robert Benson, who long represented York in Parliament, and was a Commissioner of the Treasury, and who finally became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the famous Tory



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THE T POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Administration of Harley, which included Bolingbroke as Secretary of State—the Ministry which was so bitterly inimical to Marlborough and concluded that landmark of history, the Treaty of Utrecht, March 17th, 1713. Benson was raised to the peerage in the following July, afterwards resigning his appointment, to become, a little later, Ambassador to Madrid, and, subsequently Treasurer of the Household to George II. He was a statesman and administrator of sober qualities,

and a man of taste and knowledge in matters of art and architecture, whose judgment had been ripened by travel, and the house he raised at Bramham was the greatest in that part of the shire; for Harewood, its neighbour now, was not built until many years later, though Temple Newsam was there as a noble example of an earlier style.

The house at Bramham was conceived entirely in the Italian taste, and an Italian architect was employed in the design. The structure is distinguished by great grandeur in its style. It has an imposing centre, in which were noble apartments, connected by corridors of the Doric order, with wings for the domestic



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SUB-TROPICAL.

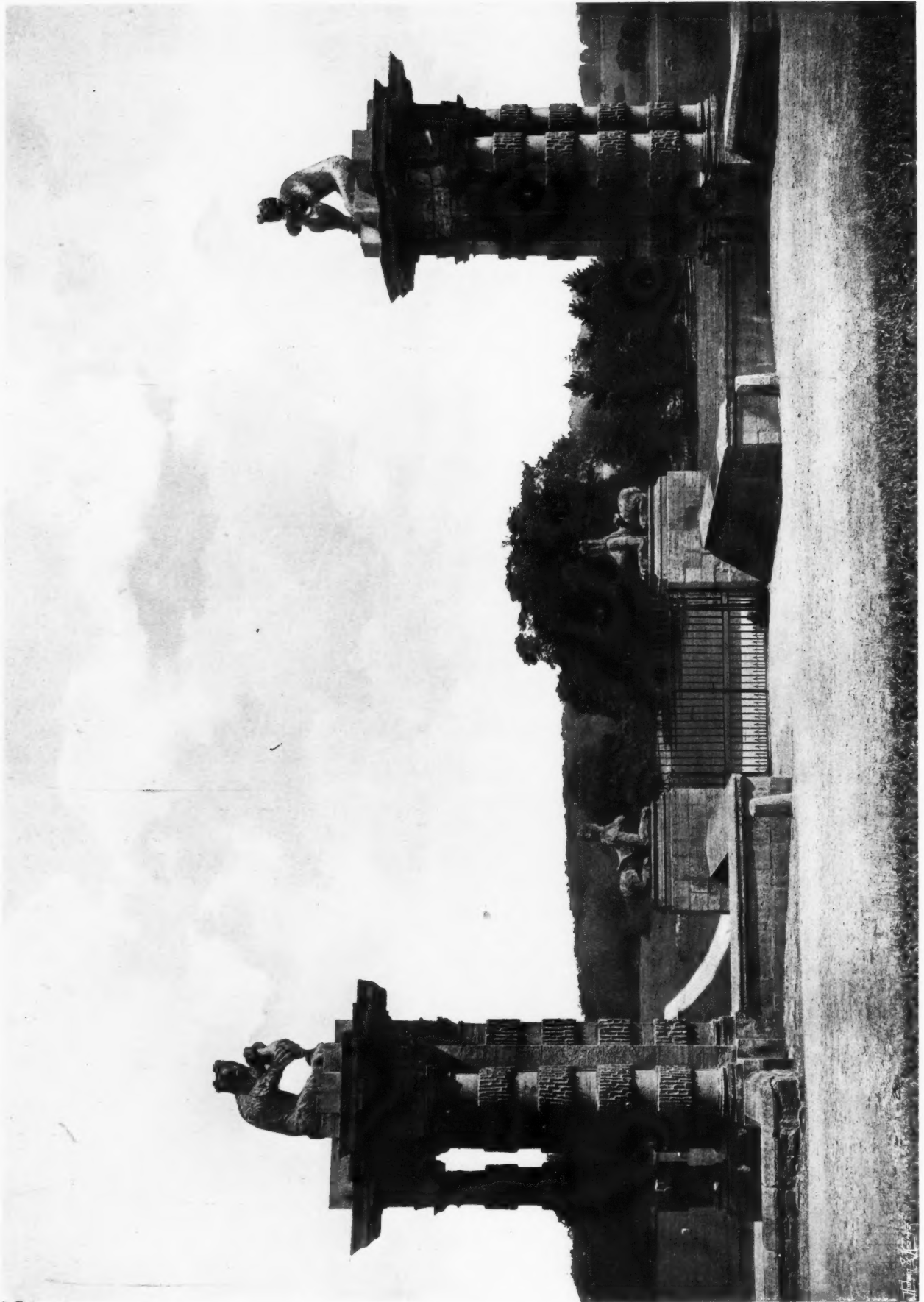
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"COUNTRY LIFE."

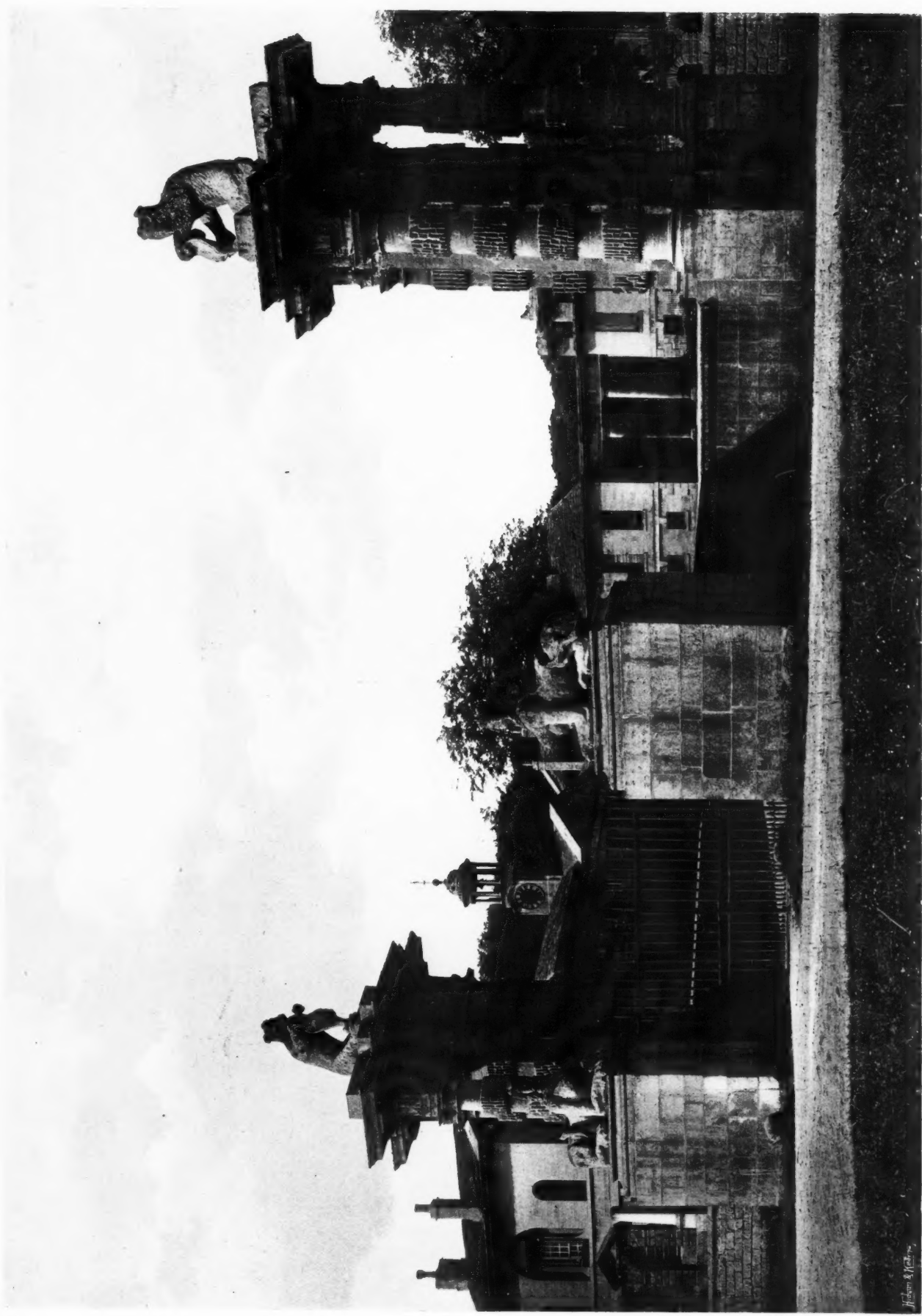
THE STABLES.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE PIERS AND THE PARK.

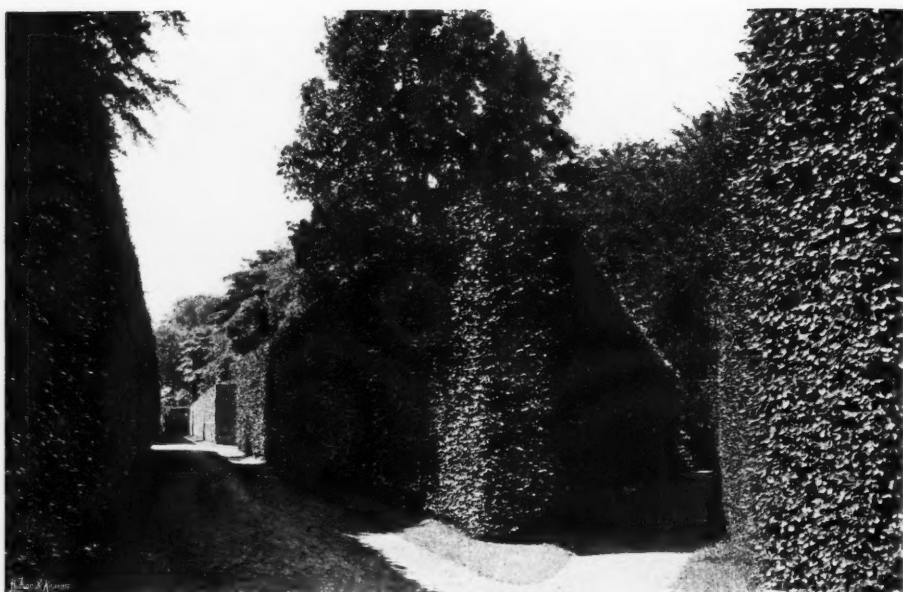


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE ENTRANCE.

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offices. The buildings are of great solidity, their features of much excellence, and their proportions noble and impressive, the whole gaining great dignity and attractiveness from the beautiful stone that has been used. The structure forms three sides of a forecourt, the stables being on the left, with central portico, bell-cot, and gabled wings, grouped most happily, and forming an admirable example of the style of the time. It will be noticed that the arched niches and variations of the wall surfaces add a good deal to the character of the buildings, which might otherwise have been monotonous. At the outer margin of the forecourt is a low stone wall, with a simple gateway leading to the park, the gate hanging between the substantial stone bases, upon which two sphinxes are seated; while flanking the way are two magnificent rusticated piers, each with several columns, supporting aloft two grand bears—true grotesques they are, each of them holding the shield of the noble founder's arms. The admirable effect of this architectural composition is disclosed most successfully in one of the pictures, and the grouping of the buildings is singular and unusual in form and manner. Neale,



Copyright.

BEECH HEDGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

£100,000, and property, including Bramham Park, worth £7,000 a year. Her husband, who had added the name of Lane to his patronymic of Fox, on succeeding to the Irish estates of that family, under the will of his maternal uncle James, second Viscount Lanesborough, represented Headon in Parliament 1734-41, and the city of York from 1747 to 1762, when he was raised to the peerage as Baron Bingley of a new creation. He lived until 1773, dying at Bramham at the age of seventy-seven, and to him many of the attractions of the place must be ascribed. His only son Robert had predeceased him, and his estates passed to his nephew, Mr. James Lane-Fox, who took a prominent part in the affairs of the county, of which he was High Sheriff in 1804, and he was long a Member of Parliament. When he died in 1821, his son, Mr. George Lane-Fox, came into the estate, and was also of Drumance Castle, County Leitrim. In his time the sad disaster of fire devastated the house at Bramham (July, 1828), and, though the park and gardens have been maintained in their admirable old style, years passed by and the structure itself was not restored for habitation. It still remains in the

hands of the distinguished county family which has done so much to beautify and preserve it, and it is now one of the



Copyright.

THE DIAMOND WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in his "Views of Seates," waxes eloquent in his admiration of the mansion, and speaks of the elegant apartments within, adorned, some of them, he avers, with carvings by Grinling Gibbons, others with rich tapestry, and all of them with notable portraits, including one of Queen Anne, which she sent as a memento of her visit shortly after the house was built. The park being great and richly wooded, and the neighbourhood full of attraction for the hunter, Bramham Park became a centre of society in the country. Handsome kennels for foxhounds were erected at one end of the park, and for harriers somewhat nearer, and it is recorded that George IV. spent two days at Bramham to enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

Before describing the grounds and pleasure gardens, it will be well to say something of the descent of the property. Lord Bingley, the founder, who had married a daughter of Heneage Finch, first Earl of Aylsford, died in April, 1731, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He left no son to inherit his honours, and his title became extinct; but his daughter and heiress married Mr. George Lane-Fox, bringing to him, it is said, a fortune of



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THE FOUR FACES.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



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A VISTA FROM THE BROAD WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



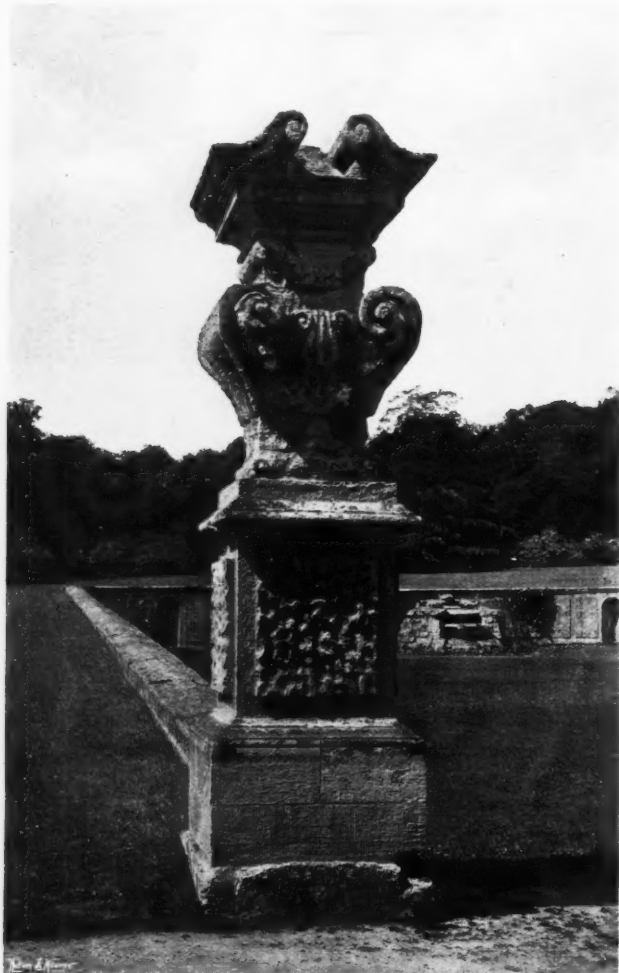
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THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

most characteristic and interesting houses, from the point of view of architecture and gardening, that we possess, not in Yorkshire only, but in all England.

The gardens have, indeed, all the dignified form and beauty that belong to the style of Le Nôtre, and, in their serene and stately manner, they excel many places that are more showy and pretentious. The park covers about 2,000 acres, and is very varied in its features, and glorious in its noble trees. There is a magnificent avenue, known as Lord Bingley's Walk, of enormous beeches, whose smooth columnar trunks rise like the pillars of some majestic aisle. It brings the delighted wayfarer to an



Copyright.

TERMINAL OF STONE.

"C.L."

enclosure of some 400 acres within the park, known as Blackfen, whence many noble avenues diverge, with most impressive effect. The beautiful foliage of beech predominates, and one of the delights of Bramham is in the long vistas between tall beech hedges, and the glory of the beechen shade. The gardens and dressed grounds cover about 120 acres, and are a beautiful and picturesque example of the old French style, with their well-cut hedges, *allées vertes* and *cabinets de verdure*. There are parallels for them at Versailles and Saint Cloud. The engravings of De Silvestre, Le Pautre, Perelle, and Le Blond had made known the design of many French gardens, and through the pictures of Giovanni Battista Falda, and numerous descriptions, the stately charms of Italian pleasaunces had become familiar. Lord Bingley had, therefore, many fine examples of gardenage before him, and the long vistas through his avenues and alleys make this place altogether one of the grandest in Yorkshire. * We do not know where else such long, tall, and well-kept beech hedges may be seen. Water effects are not wanting, and there are noble prospects of great trees and avenues from the obelisk pond, while the T pond, so called from its shape, is delightful. The broad walk is magnificent in its stately character, and its prospects down long avenues and between the high beech hedges. We illustrate one avenue, which is over 20ft. wide. At the north end of the broad walk stands the chapel, with an Ionic portico crested by a balustrade, having within effigies of some of the ancestors of the family.

The stonework is throughout of surpassing merit, and in edgings to terrace walks and water spaces has a beautiful effect, its cool tones contrasting with the rich hue of the verdure. There are sculptured vases and terminals of the greatest merit, admirably enhancing the stately character of the place. Evidently, much

thought and wise planning and planting went to the making of this garden. There was required, also, the sustained care of the experienced garden-lover to keep the whole in perfection, to cut what was redundant, and to plant where the need arose. Nothing is wanting to the perfection of the place, and the hedges are cut and the edges trimmed with all the precision that the old gardener loved. All that we see in the green surroundings is in harmony with the house that is adorned. "What sort of works distinguish a garden well, do also greatly contribute to the rendering of it magnificent," wrote Philip Miller, "*Hortulanorum Princeps*," in his "*Gardener's Dictionary*," 1724, and he was surely thinking of such a place as Bramham Park when he spoke of the parterres, tall groves, close walks, quincunxes, galleries, halls of verdure, green arbours, labyrinths, bowling greens, and amphitheatres, adorned with fountains, canals, figures, etc., which were found in the stately gardens of the time. Almost all these things may be seen at Bramham Park to-day, and it may be said, in conclusion, that the glory of the flower-growth adds the final charm to the place.

BRITISH SEA-FISHES.

SIX months ago we reviewed Sir Herbert Maxwell's "*British Fresh-water Fishes*," of the Woburn Library of Natural History. We have now before us the companion volume on "*Salt-water Fishes*," by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, so well known both as an authority on sea-fishing and as a facile writer on popular natural history. A book of this kind must needs be to a great extent a compilation. But, unlike the writer on the fresh-water fishes, Mr. Aflalo shows that he knows where to go for information, and, instead of drawing mainly on the antiquated works of Yarrell, Günther, Couch, and Day, he has made ample use of the more recent contributions of McIntosh, Prince, Masterman, J. T. Cunningham, Holt, Calderwood, Garstang, Weymiss, Fulton, Herdman, and others, which are frequently referred to throughout the book. An enormous amount of excellent original work has been produced by these investigators; yet much remains to be done in the elucidation of the life histories. As aptly said on page 58, "the man who knows most best appreciates the extent of his own ignorance, and the interesting communications to the *Journal of the Marine Biological Association* and similar publications are not only one long cry for further research, but breathe a spirit of doubt and reservation that we seek in vain in the positive pronouncements on migrations and development in the books of fifty years ago." Mr. Aflalo has also had the benefit of the personal acquaintance of Mr. Mathias Dunn, during the last eight years of his life, and of that most excellent observer he rightly remarks: "If every discovery and theory in connection with the life history of our sea-fish for which the late Mr. Dunn was answerable were brought together under one cover, what a marvellous record of first-hand observation and ingenious deduction we should have! And how favourably his credentials would compare with those of many who, on the strength of a polite education, which he lacked, have taken far higher rank among marine naturalists!"

The author, in our opinion, has been very fortunate in his treatment of the subject entrusted to him, and the book he has produced will prove of great service to those for whom it is intended. But, as there is nothing perfect in this world, it has its shortcomings, and to these we will devote the space allotted to us, in the hope of assisting the many whose interest in our marine fishes cannot fail to be aroused by this excellent treatise.

The division of fishes into fresh-water and marine has this drawback, that certain types fall equally under both categories. It is not easy to understand what principle has been followed in their allotment in the Woburn Library, for we find the sturgeon, the sea-bass, and the flounder dealt with in both books, whilst the smelt is unjustifiably omitted from the volume under review, and the eel receives no further notice than a few words of comparison with its purely marine ally the conger; and even this contains an error in the statement that the eye is small—the enormous variation in the size of that organ, according to sex and season, being one of the most noteworthy features of the eel.

That Mr. Aflalo is not always on safe ground when dealing with the morphological and systematic terms is exemplified by his definition of the Teleostomi (page 3), by his description of otoliths as "small bones" (page 20), of gill-rakers as "teeth in the gill-covers" (page 22), or his reference to the "external ears" of the monk-fish (page 104). He very rightly deprecates the changes that have been proposed by Mr. J. T. Cunningham and others in the nomenclature of some of the fins of fishes, and, after having informed his readers that he intends to adhere to the time-honoured terms "ventral" and "anal" in their old sense, he at once falls into the trap laid by the reformers of nomenclature by himself using "ventral" for "anal" in a great many cases, and to make confusion worse confounded, the term "ventral" appears in the plural, as when the sea-bream and the boar-fish are

credited with "three spines in the ventrals" (pages 122 and 137). Throughout the work we notice confusion in the description of the paired fins, and much contradiction, as, for instance, on page 144, where the finger-like rays of the gurnards are ascribed to the ventrals, whilst further on they are correctly described as pertaining to the pectorals. We even find the term "ventral" applied in two different senses on the same page (page 168). The use of the term "throat-fins" for the ventrals might be justified in the case of the blennies (page 168), where their position is jugular, but becomes incomprehensible when applied to fishes in which they are thoracic, as in the suckers (page 163).

The classification is not up-to-date; but this is perhaps a matter of little importance in a work of this kind. The views recently expressed by Thilo and by the reviewer on the relationship of the flat-fishes and the John Dory, have not yet found their way into works of compilation, and we here find the Pleuronectids still described as "anatomically allied" to the Gadids, or cod family. On other points, too, such as the approximation of the weevers to the gurnards and bull-heads, instead of to the dragonets, the author shows a lack of acquaintance with the work of recent systematists. *Apropos* of the

is regrettable since, as was pointed out in a recent article in the *Field* (Vol. CII., 1903, page 764), it is extremely desirable to obtain more definite information on their distribution on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland.

Among rare fishes, the flying fish (*Exocoetus volitans*) is included with the remark that the evidence of its presence alive on our coasts is unreliable. I would draw attention to Mr. Taylor's account of a shoal, in the *Zoologist* for 1876, duly quoted in Day's work, and also to W. Baker's paper in the Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society for 1851, which has not been referred to by Day. The sea-horse (*Hippocampus antiquorum*), stated to be almost entirely confined to the rocky shores of the Channel Islands, occurs frequently on the coast of Essex, as pointed out by Dr. J. Murie in his excellent report on the fishes of the Thames estuary.

A few more corrections:

It cannot be said (as on page 10) that the remora (*Echeneis*) is white on the back and dark on the belly.

The lateral line being wanting in the genus *Clupea*, its "unquestionable presence in the pilchard" (page 15) would be a very surprising fact. We cannot find a trace of it in the



W. Selfe.

A BRIDGE ON THE LEA.

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weevers and their sting, the author appears to be unaware of much recent experiment on the subject. Dealing with the bass, Mr. Aflalo retains the fish in the family Percidæ, remarking that it has been separated from the true perches on "anatomical grounds." It may perhaps be useful to point out here that the sea-perches (*Serranidæ*), to which the bass belongs, may be easily distinguished externally from the fresh-water perches (*Percidæ*) in having three spines to the anal fin instead of two. Although notoriously familiar with the bass, the author is evidently not acquainted with the other British members of the same family, nor has he taken the trouble of looking up the literature bearing on them, otherwise he would not describe *Serranus scriba* as a "great" percoid fish, and instead of the erroneous record of *Serranus gigas*, the representative of another genus of Serranids, *Epinephelus æneus*, would have been alluded to. A misprint which disfigures the title of the article on the bass in McIntosh and Masterman's book, viz., *Boccus* for *Roccus*, is here repeated.

It is a well-established fact that three species of grey mullets occur on our coasts. That Mr. Aflalo is personally acquainted with only one is not a sufficient reason for not indicating the characters on which the specific differences rest. This omission

specimens at hand, including several from Polperro. It is also absent in *Atherina*.

Such a thing as "fringed eyelids" (page 112), supposed to distinguish rays from other elasmobranchs, does not exist, and we are at a loss to guess what point the author had in view when using that term.

Gobius friesii (pages 158 and 160) was not described for the first time by Dr. Scharff of Dublin, but by Professor Collett of Christiania. The fish was described by the former author as *Gobius microlepis*, and its identity with *G. friesii* was pointed out by Messrs. Holt and Calderwood. We refer the reader to Messrs. Holt and Byrne's illustrated monograph of the British and Irish gobies in the Report on Irish Fisheries for 1901, to which Mr. Aflalo does not appear to have had access.

In throwing doubts on the alleged short existence of the sticklebacks (page 160), Mr. Aflalo appears to have overlooked Dr. Petersen's most important observations on the marine fifteen-spined species, published in 1893.

The little sucker, *Lepadogaster stictopteryx*, described by Messrs. Holt and Byrne in 1898, has since been identified by them as *L. microcephalus* of Brook, omitted from Mr. Aflalo's list.

The statement (page 274) that the egg-case of *Chimæra*

monstrosa has not been found is incorrect. It was found on the West Coast of Ireland by Mr. S. Green, and has been described and figured by Dr. Günther in 1889.

The plates illustrating the work are, on the whole, very

good, although the colours are not always faithfully rendered by the chromo-lithographic process.

An appendix by Mr. R. B. Marston deals with the cultivation of sea-fishes. G. A. B.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

ALTHOUGH the improvement in appliances and materials has made the photographer all but independent of sunny hours, and has furnished abundant opportunities of pursuing his hobby during the dark days and long evenings of winter, the fact remains that spring and summer are the seasons of photographic activity. Hence, it is but fitting that in the early fall of the year photographers should celebrate their Harvest Home by gathering together the year's best fruits of the camera, and last week was opened, at the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, the Photographic Salon, an exhibition of photographs selected from contributions sent from nearly all parts of the world on account of their pictorial quality and the evidence of personal artistic aim. It should be at once understood that in the pictures here shown there is no intention of demonstrating the excellence of any particular apparatus or material, nor of revealing the capabilities of new processes; the idea being merely to show the latest and best achievements of those who, possessed of art instincts and knowledge, are trying to apply the photographic process, or such part of it as suits their requirements, to the expression of ideas and sentiments. With photography as it is usually practised this may seem as hopeless as many of the results now on view are irreconcilable with the kind of photographs one is accustomed to see, in which an indiscriminating and unerring accuracy to physical fact seems to be the chief characteristic. Such a quality is the antithesis of an artistic medium, which must give the artist power to select, to isolate, to emphasise, and to subdue. And it is towards making his process more plastic and obedient to his will that the pictorial photographer has diligently striven for years.

Year by year, for the twelve successive annual salons, one

may have watched how the photographer has gradually asserted his freedom from the mechanical fetters of his process as it is taught by technicians. The conventions of sharp definition and fine surfaces have been overthrown, and rightly so, if photography is ever to assert its contested art claims; for the artist knows no law but the desire to express his own impressions. The canons and principles which may be gathered from a study of the works of the great masters are merely for his guidance, helping him to form a right judgment. So it comes about that in the modern pictorial photograph many of those qualities which we are accustomed to regard as inseparable from the lens-made representation are missing; and the amateur who visits such an exhibition as that at the Dudley Gallery with a view to learning technical improvements, will possibly have to first survive a shock of surprise before he can appreciate whatever purely pictorial merit the works possess; nor will he, perhaps, find it easy to suppress a certain degree of incredulity in the genuinely photographic origin of prints that in appearance, at first sight, so closely approach drawings and charcoal sketches.

On further consideration, however, this similarity is not as close as one may think, for even in the most unphotographic-looking photograph we shall discover a distinctive quality which there are not wanting some who declare is unapproachable by any other graphic means. Amongst the exhibitors is one whose reputation as a painter of rare genius is established in both hemispheres, who has almost entirely forsaken his brush and palette in favour of the camera, because he believes so firmly in its unique powers, if rightly wielded by the trained artist.

By successive printings on the same surface either in one or in several different colours, by washing away parts of the



A. Keighley.

A SPRING IDYLL.

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A. Horsley Hinton.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

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image not required, by superimposing an image printed in pigment on a foundation print produced in platinum, and in similar ways quite unfamiliar to the average photographer, it is possible to build up a picture which only bears a remote relationship to the straight or uncontrolled impression given by the lens; and whilst the photographer thus finds his scope widened, he also increases his dangers of error, for once liberated from the guiding-rope of truth to facts, which the impersonal character of the photographic process furnishes, he is dependent only on his own knowledge. Pictures and books from which he can learn general principles are always available; but his knowledge of Nature must be cultivated at first-hand, and Nature is a coy mistress not always accessible to even her most devout lover.

And it is in the direction of a more intelligent and a more realistic representation of Nature that the photographer in this year's exhibition shows himself to have advanced. Previously, having emancipated his art from the bondage of mere mechanism, he too often stumbled where his lack of intimacy with Nature led him to perpetrate false lighting and travesties of even her more obvious phases. But these elementary faults, which earned for him the anathemas of intolerant critics, are now rare. It should be understood, however, that the realism here referred to is not that completeness of detail and fidelity to the actual substance of things so dear to the technical expert, but a realism of feeling and expression. In such a subject as Mr. Keighley's "Spring Idyll" it is not the mere delineation of graceful tree stems and picturesque peasant figures which charms, but the

way in which the picture altogether conveys the sentiment of spring and the ceaseless movement which everywhere pervades Nature and gives that sense of life. There is, too, vitality pervading an exquisite little picture of a winter scene by M. Robert Demachy, for winter is only a dead season to the unimaginative. Each snow crystal grows or dwindles, and glistening light is deputed by the sun to furnish leafless branches with varying colour. Light, breeze, and atmosphere vary momentarily, and it is only a full appreciation of these subtler aspects of Nature which enables the photographer to give expression to it in his print.

Quite another aspect of movement is rendered by M. Demachy in convincing manner in a picture of a number of

meagreness of colour is overcome. Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, in particular, adopts this plan with marked success, and it is difficult to conceive of anything finer in the direction of luminous deep shadows than he achieves in his "Southern Reverie" and "The Bridge," the latter a powerfully-drawn view of a single arch seen in perspective. The same exhibitor proves his versatility of mood as well as of execution in two graceful portraits, both treated in unconventional manner. Another American contributor, whom it is impossible to overlook, is Mr. Eduard Steichen. His work compels attention, and may fascinate if it does not at once please. Still, the charm of his "Moonrise" is undeniable, and grows upon one almost as uncannily as his

"Melpomene" would repel were it not so fine in decorative effect; whilst his interpretation rather than his portrayal of the late "G. F. Watts, R.A.," and a mysterious portrait of Dr. Richard Strauss, are achievements with the camera it seems impossible to surpass.

The large and broadly-treated landscapes by Mr. Charles Moss should find ready sympathy amongst English lovers of country; and "The Reef," by Mr. F. J. Mortimer, is a more imaginative rendering of sea than this marine enthusiast has usually given. "At the Market," by Percy G. R. Wright, is a well-arranged or well-chosen composition, in which the indecision of Nature's outlines is sought by excessive diffusion.

In the collection of 223 pictures there is the widest possible variety of subject-matter and of treatment. There is none of the monotony and depressing commonplace that too usually attends the photographic exhibition, and picture-lover as well as photographic amateur should find interest and pleasure in the Photographic Salon of 1904.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY & METEOROLOGY.

IN an article "How to Read Weather Forecasts" which we published on April 9th, a hope was expressed that at no distant date the experts of the Meteorological Office would, by the invaluable aid of Marconi-grams from the Atlantic, be able to issue occasional forecasts for a few days in advance. Since then the Royal Committee appointed to consider the work of the office and the expenditure of the Parliamentary grant has made a specific recommendation on the subject, but in spite of that nothing appears to have been done. The reason for this apparent apathy is perhaps due

to the fact that a wireless message cannot as yet be sent from a sufficient distance from sea to land to be of much practical value.

However that may be, the enterprise and public spirit of the *Daily Telegraph* in inaugurating a service of such telegrams from some of the Atlantic liners cannot be too highly praised, and it is sincerely to be hoped that its attempt to show the way to the Government and the Meteorological authorities may soon be crowned with success.

The chief difficulty is to obtain a transmitting instrument which can send reliable messages from a ship to land from a distance of about 2,000 miles, instead of about 100, which is all that can be accomplished at present. There appears to be some prospect that this difficulty will be surmounted, and once this is



R. Demachy.

SNOW.

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fisher-lads endeavouring to push the hull of a stranded fishing-smack. These are object-lessons for the amateur to profit by, who, however, if he have a strong leaning towards portraiture, should consider the almost startling roundness of the face and hand in the portrait of "Colonel H. S. Brownrigg" by Mr. Reginald Craigie. Consider here how, by the careful adjustment of light, the features seem almost as if modelled in relief, the low tone of the background, where interest sleeps in rich penumbra, absorbing the unessential contours of modern clothes. The photographer has not often succeeded in securing great depth and richness in his intenser shadows, so that not infrequently a flatness and poverty have resulted; but, by the successive printings already referred to, this

effected, and every ship of importance approaching or quitting the United Kingdom, westward and south-westward, despatches a meteorological telegram twice daily, a very marked improvement will immediately result in the forecasts, especially in the warnings for dangerous gales. In addition to messages from vessels, however, it would be necessary to receive telegrams from the Farøe Isles and Iceland to give notice of storm centres and anti-cyclones on their way to us from the north-west. It is gales which accompany depressions from that region which so often play havoc with the fishing fleet of North Britain. Ships sailing in that direction are too infrequent to be of much service as telegraphic observatories.

It would be taking a too optimistic view, however, to think that even with all these advantages forecasts of the weather for some days in advance could be made with an invariable prospect of success. The practical meteorologist knows better. It is not every depression that arrives from the Atlantic; some are developed over these islands themselves, many come from France, and a few from Germany and the Netherlands. And there is yet another difficulty that Atlantic telegrams would not sweep from the path of the forecaster. It is the changes that are always going on in the character of the depression itself. A depression may cause a hurricane while over the Atlantic, but on reaching these shores it may lose its energy, and produce nothing worse than a brisk breeze and a few showers. Another, apparently of little account when outside our coasts, may gather such energy while pursuing its course across the country that it does much damage both by wind and rain.

What the Meteorological Office could do with a marked measure of success would be to issue rather frequent forecasts of a general character for from three to five days in advance. It would certainly be well worth the additional expense to know with tolerable certainty whether even the next three days would be rainy and muggy or fair and dry, and also whether we shall see the frost continue for the greater part of a week, or awake in the morning to find a mild south-west gale and drizzle in its stead. This has hitherto been too hazardous, and the Department has doubtless acted prudently in leaving it in the hands of irresponsibility.

METEOR.

THE CLEVELAND BAY.

THE modern revival of the Cleveland bay horse may be said to date from 1883, since in 1882 only a single animal was exhibited at the Yorkshire Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Up to 1867 there had been a considerable fashion for

Clevelands, but then came the revival in the Cleveland Iron Trade, bringing with it an outcry for heavy horses to do the haulage on the roads and at the mines. Just then, too, there had sprung up a demand abroad for Clevelands, and many were sold to foreigners, while a great proportion of those that were left were spoiled by crossing with thorough-breds for the purpose of producing hunters. Luckily in some of the dales a few of the old-style farmers adhered to the opinions of their forefathers, and kept a few of these horses, which they prized much more for farm work than the Clydesdale or Shire horses. In the United States the opinion had been gaining ground that the Cleveland was the very horse for the other side of the Atlantic, and the demands that came from there had the effect of awakening owners of Clevelands to the value of the breed. Thus, from 1883 onwards, it has been steadily increasing in popularity. The Cleveland Bay Horse Society was formed in 1884, and now studs are to be found in nearly every district in Great Britain. As a breed the Cleveland possesses the very great advantage of age. Its origin, to be sure, is lost in obscurity, although the most plausible theory to account for it is that it lay in the chapman, or pack-horse, which was so much used in the early times, when roads were little better than tracks, and the general use of carriages had not come in. It was customary in those days to use the pack-horse for a very great number of purposes. On ordinary days it was worked on the farm as a cart-horse, but "to



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WELLINGTON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

kirk or market, feast or fair," it was usual for the farmer to mount in front while his wife rode pillion behind, and at many old houses, churchyard gates, old inns, and other places to which men resort the mounting blocks may still be seen. Even grain had to a large extent to be carried on the pack-horse, as is provable from the fact that to this day there are many old mills in Great Britain standing far distant from any highway and unapproachable save by a bridle-path. From old prints we can see that a common way of carrying corn was to have it in two bags that hung like panniers balancing one another on either side of the horse, which the man sometimes rode and sometimes led, according to the weight of the load. It must have required a tough and strong horse for the purpose, since a journey of as much as twenty miles had often to be made; and that the same style of horse was found suitable in various districts may be seen from the fact that the pack-horse of Devonshire and the pack-horse of Yorkshire were closely alike. The question is, however, whether the Cleveland was evolved naturally out of the pack-horse by several centuries of breeding, or whether it was the result of a deliberate cross. Some go to the length of asserting that it was produced out of cart mares by thorough-bred stallions, but this seems to rest on no sound evidence. On the other hand, that they were improved by selection seems very possible. In the seventeenth century not only did the farmer use his working horse for purposes of travel, but the ordinary landowner did so also. Sir Walter Calverley, in



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CHOLDERTON ROSA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his note-book of the date January 5th, 1670, tells us that when he was going on a journey he harnessed the best "mears" of the breed used on his farms; and, indeed, there is much sound evidence to show that this was the ordinary plan of horsing pursued in those old times, when speed was not required so much as stoutness. Highways were very badly made, and at certain times of the year were mere quagmires; hence the family coach required a mighty team to draw it, and even the strong farm horses were at times unable to get it through the mud. But our point is, that if farm horses were used for the carriage or the road, the owner would naturally select those most fitted by their lightness and activity for the purpose.

The pedigrees of later times go back to a horse called Old Traveller, who was bred in 1735 by Mr. Osbaldeston. He had won a few races in the early part of his career, and the promising character of the stock he had produced out of half-bred mares induced the Duke of Cleveland and Mr. Shafto to send him some good mares, whence proceeded some capital race-horses of their day, such as Dainty Davy, Squirrel, and Lass of the Mill. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Vale of Cleveland was worked, as far as farming went, by Cleveland bays. At that time the cultivation was mostly arable, but the continental wars produced a kind of wheat fever. Prices of wheat went up as high as six guineas a

quarter, and farmers brought everything under wheat cultivation that they possibly could. Many of the furrow marks still to be seen on downs and other high places, quite unfitted for cereal cultivation, were made in those days. Then they had to carry their wheat to market, as well as grow it, and they required horses that could draw a load a distance of twenty miles along a way quite unsuited for the purpose. Under these circumstances it was found that the light Cleveland bay was not suited to farm work, and crossing with the cart-horse, so as to get more weight and substance, became so general as to threaten the existence of the Cleveland bay as a separate breed. Again, among the rich and well-to-do another fashion had set in. Readers of Jane Austen will remember how proud the young bloods were of the curricles they drove, and for this purpose they required a flashy big horse of 17 hands. To suit their requirements Cleveland bays were mated with long-legged animals of little stamina to produce the showy cross required in the curricle. Thus in two ways were the fortunes of the breed endangered. The *Farmers' Magazine* for 1823 remarks that "after the fashion became to adopt a lighter horse for carriages, this valuable breed was allowed to become almost extinct, till their excellence for agricultural purposes was noticed by some practical farmers in the North of England, who for several years back have been exerting themselves to revive the breed." One of the farmers referred to was Thomas Masterman, who was presented with a cup, value £10, in 1820, in recognition of the services he had rendered by keeping first-class stallions.



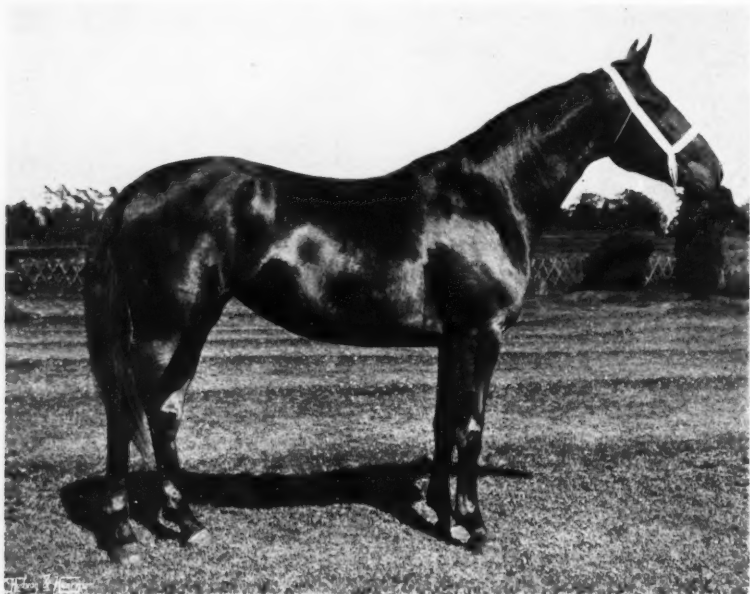
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LUCK'S ALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

From that time onward Cleveland bays were highly prized, until 1867, when, as we have said, another cloud fell upon the fortunes of the breed; but still it has been kept pure longer than any other English breed of light horses, with the result that it can now be depended upon to come true to type and with uniform markings. Mr. Stephens, from whose stud at Cholderton we take our illustrations, gives it as his opinion "that no other breed of domesticated horses presents so much uniformity in appearance and in behaviour as the Cleveland bay. Carriage horses for fashion and state are required in pairs, must have considerable height and power, and truly match in style, shape, temper, action, and colour. The Cleveland bay answers these requirements better than any other breed, and presents the best type for carriage horses. In breeding Cleveland bays effort should be made to keep variation within the most narrow limits possible, and get horses as like to one another as Southdown sheep are."

No doubt the Cleveland is well adapted to draw the light modern carriages, but it should not be forgotten that his fame was won as a general utility horse. This breed is extremely useful on light farm land, and has recently come rather into favour as carriage horses, though not fast enough for hunters. Mr. Stephens' stud was established by the purchase of Madam, Beauty, Fanny Drake, Countess of Salton, and others. Many prizes have gone to it, including Lord Faversham's gold challenge cup. The stallion Luck's All is now 25 years old. His stock has won more prizes than the produce of any other living Cleveland



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CHOLDERTON PRINCESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stallion, and he is looking almost as full of vigour as he did in his prime. Wellington was bred by Mr. Stephens in 1897, and is by Marston out of Greta. He has been a great prize-winner, and has taken the championship in the home of the breed on three different occasions, twice at the Great Yorkshire Show, and once when the Royal was held at York. He has also taken a great number of first prizes. Cholderton Hector was bred in 1899, and is by Luck's All out of Beauty. He has also been a distinguished prize-winner.



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AT EXERCISE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE BARRENS OF BRECKLAND.

WHEN I first heard of an inland district of East Anglia, where marine plants grow plentifully, where marine insects are not uncommon, and where birds which usually nest on the beach shingle resort annually during their breeding season, it occurred to me at once that such a district must be well worth visiting. When I found a scientist describing it as "necromantic" and without its geological counterpart in Britain, and a "prehistoric archæologist" stating that much of it consists of heathland unchanged in aspect since the days when Neolithic man inhabited it, I determined that, opportunity being afforded, I would attempt to explore that wonderful neighbourhood. So it came about that on the occasion of a visit to the interesting old town of Thetford—an ancient capital of East Anglia—I decided to devote a few days to rambling in Breckland.

Outside East Anglia probably not one person in a thousand has ever heard of Breckland, and not more than one person in a hundred thousand could indicate its precise situation and bounds. Before proceeding further, therefore, I will say that if a circle of twelve miles radius were drawn with Thetford for its centre the whole of Breckland would be included within that circle; and as Thetford is a border town, situated partly in Norfolk and partly in Suffolk, a glance at any map of England will make it evident that Breckland is contained within those two counties. It is only fair to add, to acquit any Englishman of having been negligent in not acquainting himself with at least the name of this remarkable district, that it is only of late years that it has been known as Breckland, and that the term "breck," which is applied to some huge fields, once cultivated but now fallow, has gained it that name.

If one leaves Thetford by the Brandon Road, one at once gets a good idea of the general character of Breckland scenery. Before one there stretches a white riband of hedgeless road, undulating across a succession of tawny ridges, where the chalk is only thinly covered with gravelly drift. On the right of the road the warrens slope down to the bank of the Little Ouse, which is here a narrow winding stream, regulated in its flow by picturesque decaying stanches. On the left is the greater part of Thetford Warren—a wide, wild tract of bracken-grown heathland stretching away southward and westward farther than eye can see, and showing here and there, in the shape of more or less square areas strewn with weathered flints, traces of former attempts at cultivation. Fifty years ago this wild waste was practically treeless, except where a few groups of rugged firs were rooted in the summit of an ancient barrow. At that time the indigenous race of great bustards had only recently been exterminated, and more stone curlews bred on the warrens than anywhere else in England. Now woods and belts of firs relieve the monotony of the brown barrens, and at the same time rob them of some of the wide views which could formerly be obtained from the crests of the ridges. Still, even now it is possible for a stranger who wanders from the highway to lose himself on these lonesome

tracts of heathland, where there is seldom a house in sight, and where several old roads, which used to cross them, have been abandoned and allowed to become almost obliterated.

It is on the stony tracts of these warrens that the ringed plover breeds every year. As you stroll along, seeing rabbits scurrying away to right and left of you at almost every step, you suddenly hear a piping alarm-note which, if you are an observer of bird-life, you will have learnt to associate with the

beaches and mud-flats of the seashore. Probably you will get a glimpse of the bird as it flits away for a short distance, and presently others will be on the move, for generally three or four pairs make their nests—if nests they can be called, which are only little hollows in the sand—on the same stony breck. But should you try to find a nest, it is more by luck than skill that you succeed, for the eggs so closely resemble the weathered pebbles with which the ground is strewn, that it is very hard to distinguish them, and even if there be nestlings about their plumage harmonises so well with their surroundings that so long as they are still you do not easily see them. The warreners say that the ringed plovers are in the habit of scraping a few small stones into the nest-hollow to help to deceive a possible raider, and on this account the bird is known to them as the "stonehatch." The habit of these marine birds breeding on the warrens around Thetford—many miles from the sea—is supposed to date from a time when an arm of the sea reached the border of the warrens and the Little Ouse valley by way of what is now the Fenland. A similar explanation will account for the presence of the various seaside plants and insects to be met with on the warrens; but it is an explanation not accepted by everyone. The salinity of the sand in the neighbourhood is sufficient to account for the presence of the maritime fauna and flora; but whether this salinity is due to the local sand having formed the bed of a tidal river, or has a chemical origin, is disputed.

In the midst of Thetford Warren, on the crest of a hill to the left of the Brandon Road, there is an ancient warren house, which examination reveals to have been fortified; but nothing seems to be known of its history. Isolated in the midst of an almost uninhabited district it keeps the secret of its early history.

On the Norfolk side of the Little Ouse there are many miles of heathland similar to Thetford Warren. Across these heaths runs the Drove Road, an ancient and, probably, prehistoric trackway connecting Peddar's Way with the Fen border at Hockwold. Local antiquaries have little doubt that this trackway—along which one may ramble for hours and not meet a human being—had some relation to the later Stone Age settlements which were scattered along the slopes of the river valley. Barrows of the prehistoric period are to be seen close beside it, and it skirts Wretham Heath, where, in the beds of some meres that were drained a good many years ago, remains of lake-dwellings were discovered, and associated with them a number of flint implements. All along the trackway such implements, some of them of beautiful workmanship, can be picked up by anyone who has learnt to detect traces of prehistoric flint-working, and many acres of the heaths which border it are strewn with Stone Age flint flakes and fragments of ancient pottery.

Within half-an-hour's walk of this trackway, where it crosses the Weeting warrens, are those remarkable pits known as "Grimes Graves." These pits were for a long time supposed to mark the site of a prehistoric village, owing to their superficial likeness to the hut-circles so numerous in some parts of the country. The fact that they are much larger than the ordinary hut-circles was, however, against this idea, and about five-and-thirty years ago Canon Greenwell, the famous archæologist, conducted excavations, which resulted in its being proved to the satisfaction of all interested parties that the pits were the shafts of quarries from which the men of the Later Stone Age procured the flints that were essential to the making of their weapons and several articles of domestic use. At the bottom of the shafts

galleries in the chalk were discovered, and in these galleries were lying, just as the prehistoric quarrymen had left them, the red deer-horn picks with which the nodules of flint were excavated. The spot where the pits exist is now a wood, where the undergrowth is so dense that a large barrow near the "Graves" is scarcely discernible. This barrow is the Grim's Hoe, which gives its name to the hundred in which Grimes Graves are situated.

To-day Breckland is one of the most sparsely-populated districts in England. In the days of Neolithic man it must have been one of the most thickly populated, for nowhere in this country are traces of our Iberian ancestors more abundant. These traces are of a remote period, but there has been found in this neighbourhood conclusive evidence of its having had a fairly numerous population in times compared with which the age of Neolithic man seems almost modern. From the river-drift of the Little Ouse valley, and at Lakenheath, Mildenhall, Icklingham, and elsewhere in Breckland, flint implements of the Early Stone Age—of a period when England formed a part of the Continent,

and many huge animals, now extinct, were contemporary with man—have been unearthed in great numbers. Indeed, hardly anywhere in the British Isles is there so much to suggest the "dim red dawn of man" as can be found on and under these wild and lonesome heathlands. At Brandon the knapping of flints is one of the town's chief industries, and there are savants who believe the flint-knapping has been carried on in this neighbourhood almost without intermission since the Stone Age. However that may be, it is impossible to wander at dusk in the midst of the Breckland heaths without realising that these tawny wastes have a like aspect now to that they presented in the days of the skin-cloaked Iberian. From the top of one of the fir-crested barrows on the chalk ridges one can see at night not a gleam of light to betoken a human habitation; one is alone among the graves of primitive man. And the weird churring of the nightjar and the wild screaming of the stone curlew give fitting vocal expression to the surrounding desolation.

WILLIAM A. DUTT.

SEA-TROUT-FISHING.

THE return of a fishing season in which sea-trout are reported to be running in more than ordinary numbers seems a convenient occasion to consider whether the accepted methods of his pursuit are altogether worthy of so game a fish. It seems, at least to the present writer, that the most sporting ways of taking the sea-trout have received less attention from the angler, and those who have written upon the subject, than they deserve. A literature of quite generous proportions has grown about the common trout, and the practice of his capture in chalk streams has almost reached the dignity of a fine art. But *Salmo trutta*, which is in many respects as game a fish, and in others distinctly more so, has suffered from his relationship to the salmon, and from the similarity of his habits to those of that lordly fish. It has generally been assumed by writers on angling that what is good enough for the salmon is good enough for the sea-trout, and in a score of solemn treatises upon salmon-fishing, in which tackle and flies are discussed to the last point, you will, as a rule find a brief page or two devoted to his poor relation, containing little more than a statement that the sea-trout is a salmon in miniature, and should be fished for in the same way, but with smaller flies and lighter tackle. It thus follows that the mode of fishing for the sea-trout has passed into a convention founded upon salmon-fishing, which is fly-fishing only in name. Flies used for both fish imitate no insect known to naturalists, and the method of working them in the water suggests the movement of no living creature of the fly tribe. Both salmon and sea-trout are in reality captured by trolling. Flies, which are attractive only by their dissimilarity from living insects, are worked below the surface and against stream, and are made to assume a motion impossible for a winged insect in water, which would be always down stream. The fact was recognised in the Southern Counties more than half a century ago, and so led to the abandonment of wet-fly fishing in the classic streams, and to the evolution of dry-fly fishing. In that sport, as we know, the size, shape, and colour of the natural insect are imitated as cleverly as material will allow, and the behaviour of the living fly on the water is simulated with a skill which calls for great proficiency on the part of the fisherman.

One would like to suggest, with all diffidence, that the time has arrived when a little more attention might be devoted to the habits of the sea-trout, and the methods of his pursuit modified in accordance with observations made. It seems to be a fact of nearly universal acceptance that the salmon does not feed in fresh water, and that he is moved to take the fly by a predatory instinct, excited by an attractive object in motion. Upon this question, which has employed many able minds, the present writer is unqualified to express an opinion. If accepted, however, it seems to give but a poor explanation of the undoubted fact that salmon are frequently taken by spinning with the natural bait, and with such lures as sand-eel, prawn, and lob-worm. But that sea-trout feed freely on natural food months after they have left salt water is beyond question. Anyone who has passed an autumn on the banks of any of the smaller streams which the trout affect, and has been curious enough to watch their habits, will be convinced of this. They feed freely, for example, on the large grasshoppers, which are abundant in the heather of the moors in the West of Ireland. The short appearance of the ant-fly, too, will bring them to the surface in numbers in the same waters, and they will frequently rise in the evenings at the sad-coloured moths which are common in the northern moors of these islands.

Want of success with the ordinary sea-trout flies and tackle led the writer to some speculations on the subject a few summers since, and to the tentative trial of new methods. His was the

common experience of waiting at a Highland inn on the coast for a spate to take the trout up a shallow stream of some two miles in length to the lake, which was the chief attraction of the fishing. The fish, in a large shoal, were leaping in the bay, coming up with each tide to the mouth of the stream, and retreating with the ebb down the coast until they were well in the track of the red-funnelled steamers of those waters. In the face of a contemptuous discouragement by the local fishermen, one went out in a boat to cast at the leaping fish. It was quite easy to approach the shoal by a quiet handling of the boat, though any rattling of oars in rowlocks or stamping on bottom boards was apt to put the fish down for a time. But with care they could be watched at close quarters, and displayed their agility without any hindrance from the boat, so well, indeed, that the sea-lice could be seen on the sides of the fish as they leapt in the sunlight. A leaping fish, however, is never of good omen for a full creel, and the ordinary sea-trout fly failed to move a fin. But a more propitious day and a reconsideration of methods led to better results. There was a light wind which ruffled an otherwise calm sea, and occasional clouds which veiled a bright sun at frequent intervals. The shoal, which betrayed itself by the occasional leap of a fish, was followed down the coast with the ebb so closely that the fish could often be seen moving like violet shadows over the sandy bottom of 20 ft. of clear water. The ordinary tackle and flies again proved useless, but there was nothing to do ashore, and all sorts of experiments were tried. At length, fine tackle and some approach to the imitation of a living insect had their natural result. A fine cast was put up, the monstrosities of the ordinary tackle-shop discarded, and their place supplied by the small trout-flies as used on the southern streams. The fish were capricious, and often rose short, but the gradual elimination of unattractive patterns led to the discovery that a red spinner of the smallest size, intelligently cast, and worked slowly in as in wet-fly fishing, was an effective way of taking sea-trout in such circumstances. With a puff of wind on the water, and a cloud over the sun, a cast into the shoal was almost certain to produce a rise, and although the fineness of the tackle led to frequent breaks, a fair bag was the result, which was doubly gratifying by reason of the chagrin it occasioned ashore.

A year later the writer was able to pursue the investigations thus begun on a short stream in the West of Ireland. It was part of an open fishing, the appanage of an hotel, and the water was most unmercifully fished by a dozen fishermen staying in the house. The main fishing, as is usual in that part of the country, was provided by a string of lakes connected with the sea by the small river. The regular stands were in the lakes; but the stream was consistently hammered by every angler on the way to and from the boats. One pool especially, known as the Priest's Pool, was consistently fished twice a day by every fisherman in the inn, until the fish must have seen and rejected specimens of every fly in their united collections. Occasionally a sea-trout was taken with worm; but no capture with a fly in the Priest's Pool was recorded during a whole month. This apparently hopeless spot was selected for a further experiment in rational fishing for sea-trout. The procession of anglers to the lakes was allowed to pass, and the quiet pool watched for any sign of the sulking fish. They failed, however, to show themselves, and a search was made along the banks for any insect life which by chance might tempt them to the surface. Here were large grasshoppers in great plenty, but nothing else. A handful of these were collected and thrown on the water at the windward side of the pool, and in an instant its surface was alive with feeding sea-trout. The grasshopper is a difficult

insect to match offhand from an ordinary box of flies, but an odd Giant Sedge and a large Governor, both tied as floating flies for a chalk-stream, provided a more or less plausible presentment of the natural insect. These flies were cast carefully on the pool and allowed to drift dry with the wind without working, and with this common-sense plan three sea-trout—the largest over 2lb. in weight—were killed within a couple of hours.

The writer is quite unaware whether this experience of his is shared by other fishermen; but, if not, he ventures to think it may prove stimulating to some of those who will be upon the streams of the North during the next few weeks, and who are not irrevocably wedded to the old methods. In lake-fishing, of course, the plan would not answer; but even here a consideration of the natural insect of the district might prove helpful in the choice of fly. In the smaller streams, in any case, where the greater area of the water can be covered by casting from the bank, the plan seems to offer an interest to the intelligent fisherman which is lacking in the mechanical methods at present in vogue.

W. B. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WOAD PLANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can your readers give any information about the woad plant (*Isatis tinctoria*)? I understand it is still grown for commercial purposes in the counties of Lincoln and Cambridgeshire, and that, in spite of all the chemicals, no other dye gives the cloth such a fine finish. If this is so, it appears to me that this must be the oldest English industry in existence, for it is a well-known fact that the ancient Britons knew the art of extracting the dye from this plant and using it as war-paint. How many centuries before the invasion of the Romans it had been in use of course no one knows. I should like to know if the plants can be grown in ordinary soil and where they can be obtained, as a few in the garden would be interesting, even if the bloom is insignificant.—A. TROWER.

USE AND BEAUTY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if you will be able to find room in your charming paper, which commends itself so warmly to all lovers of country beauties and delights, for a few lines, which I feel impelled to write on a subject that has been much in my mind since my return from the attractive shores of the Near East. In Sicily, Corfu, Greece, and its exquisite islands, the shores of Turkey, and Asia Minor, and the North Coast of Africa alike, this subject obtrudes itself constantly on one's notice. Whenever we left our yacht for an inland drive or excursion in those romantic lands, the utilitarian view came into play, and would not let itself pass unnoticed. The beautiful growth of timber, the refreshing green, which in Corfu especially is as rich and brilliant as in England, has always an ulterior view. Every tree is grown for a purpose, and I have only to recall to the mind of the traveller a few of the specimens to prove this. Take the almond, for example, the pomegranate, the vine, the olive, the date palm, the "currants" of Greece, the orange, lemon, and fig—all grown for their fruits; and while clothing the country with shelter, shade, and verdure, are remunerative and useful as well. Why not, in England, turn our attention to this view, and, in planting—preparing "our gift to posterity"—why not plant more fruit-producing trees, adapted, of course, to our climate? The list may be a limited one, but walnuts and mulberries may commend themselves to our notice, sweet chestnuts, wild cherries and plums—subdued into civilised ones—medlars, damsons, filberts, and buckthorn; and then there is spindlewood, lovely in its pink berries, and most useful in its wood. Elder, too; and what tree is prettier than the ordinary apple in its many varieties? and how attractive would a standard peach tree look in a sunny corner! I remember noticing this in Utah, in the trim gardens of the "residences" of that picturesque city, where a large standard peach often occupied the centre of a grass plot; and when in blossom it was a lovely sight. When we remember that we are indebted for all the grand old yew trees that adorn most of our village churchyards to the purely utilitarian ideas of our remote ancestors, we see the advantage of being useful in our tastes; and though civilisation no longer needs bows and arrows, it may yet rejoice in fine and noble walnut trees, Spanish chestnuts, and graceful mulberries in our pleasure grounds and woods. Then there are humbler plants that might be more considered than they are, such as cranberries, sloes, parsley-leaved blackberries, dewberries, and so on, which would make preserves, or syrups, or pickles. The arbutus is a lovely tree, with the amiable qualities of the lemon, being in flower and fruit at the same time, though I suppose I can hardly put it forward as of much use. Surely in sheltered places in the South of England figs will grow and ripen; and in my garden are several fair-sized almond trees, well stocked now with almonds. Such things have always a great interest for me; and in the conservatories I grow successfully coffee berries, cocoa pods, cotton plants, grenadillas, mangoes, and custard apples, guavas, and bananas and papaws, all of which we enjoy in their turn. But I must occupy no more of your space.—THEODORA GUEST.

A HERBACEOUS BORDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would R. A. Braithwaite be kind enough to tell in what part of Britain, and what flowers were in the very interesting photograph of his herbaceous border?—A. B.

We forwarded this letter to our correspondent, who replies as follows:

SIR,—In answer to the enquiry as to the locality and contents of my

herbaceous border, as portrayed in your issue of September 10th, it is near Epsom on a clay and sand soil, with a south-west aspect. The herbaceous plants, as far as I can remember, being away from home, are as follows: Phlox, hollyhock, campanula, delphinium, harpalium, helianthus, peony, lupin, iris, spiraea, golden rod, Michaelmas daisy, pentstemon, doricum, Japanese anemone, gladiolus, viola, ageratum, Solomon's seal, kniphofia, aquilegia, saxifrage, pyrethrum, dahlia. These are filled in with a good many annuals as the bed is not yet full enough. The most successful of the annuals have been viscaria, godetia, and dwarf sweet peas. These latter show conspicuously in the photograph. Poppies of all kinds, linum, salpiglossis, scabious, dwarf phlox, etc., etc., have all been very brilliant.—R. A. BRAITHWAITE.

A PROLIFIC POTATO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In these days of high farming new potatoes are constantly being brought out. I venture to send you the following details of a prolific potato—as yet, I think, unnamed—which I saw dug up last week by Mr. Fred Horne at Perry Hill in this parish. He dug up in my presence six roots of potatoes which he had grown from six eyes of a single tuber. The yield was 67, 34, 56, 58, 65, and 35 potatoes respectively. The result filled three half-bushel baskets. This wants a deal of beating.—HERBERT BOYD, Rector of Cliffe.

HEATING A HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shortly expect to commence the erection of a new house, and as I have intentions of adopting a warm-air heating arrangement I should like to know whether any readers of COUNTRY LIFE have adopted such an apparatus successfully. In the United States, I believe, nearly every house has its heating apparatus, and warm-air apparatus is largely adopted. I think there is some objection to this method of heating on account of the somewhat dry atmosphere produced. Most of the country houses I have seen in England are heated by hot-water radiators, pipes, etc., but for houses I cannot think this the best method.—INTERESTED.

HIGHLAND CATTLE IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a regular reader of your excellent paper since its first publication, I was much interested in your notes on "Highland Cattle" in your issue of September 10th. It may not be generally known that these handsome little beasts do very well on the common-lands of the South, and seem to be able to thrive where less hardy varieties would starve. Having rights of pasturage in the New Forest, I have tried them there, and they are quite a success, and, taken from the forest on to rough pasturage for the winter, will fatten with very little help in the way of cake. In conjunction with a Scotch friend I intend to go in for them more extensively; and should any of your readers care to try a few on any rough pasturage or park lands, would be pleased to send them on any number at a price which would pay them.—J. GARNETT, Lane Bank, Poulner, Ringwood.

ARE RED DEER DETERIORATING?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Anyone who read the various opinions which appeared in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE under the heading "Has the Highland Red Deer Degenerated?" must have been struck with the divergence of opinions therein expressed. There can be little doubt, I fear, that on the whole they have degenerated. In certain forests which have never been let, and in which the deer have been carefully studied and cared for by men who take an interest in them, they may not have done so. But these forests are sadly in a minority. The vast majority have been let on lease, or on those "horrible yearly tenancies" which have done so much harm. The great curse, however, of the modern deer forest is overstocking; nor do I see what can be done to effectually remedy this state of affairs under existing circumstances. Sacrifice quality for quantity is the everlasting cry nowadays in most things, and a ruinous maxim it has been for the deer forests. A man whose income depends largely on the price he gets for his deer forest, cannot be expected to cut down his tenant's limit to twenty instead of sixty stags, even if by doing so he knows that his forest will improve, though his pocket suffers. Sixty indifferent stags are worth more to him than twenty good ones. Combined action would be an excellent thing, and, doubtless, if the owners of five or six adjacent forests agreed to kill off all their rubbish (both stag and hinds), spare the young ones until they had attained maturity, and in winters give them just enough artificial food to enable them to start their period of horn growth in good condition, then, if all this were done, I believe the heads obtained in these forests would be equal to the best heads obtained fifty or sixty years ago. Such a thing, however, is practically impossible. For one thing, I doubt whether you could pick out six adjacent forests on the map of Scotland which are occupied by the same men every successive year. I do not think personally that enough hinds are killed in most forests. The best yield hinds are killed every year, which is bound to tell in the long run. The old rotten ones are left to breed from, and no wonder the stock degenerates. It is surprising in many forests that the deer are as good as they are, considering the way they are treated. The use of artificial manures would do good in many places, as also would the introduction of Highland cattle, say from November to June, as they seem to work in with the deer much better than sheep. The introduction of fresh red deer blood into stock is no doubt good; so also is moderate winter feeding; but deer are naturally woodland beasts, and they must have good shelter in bad weather. I believe, during Lord Burton's tenancy of Glenquoich, he has introduced fresh blood and fed the deer in winter, both of which seem to have well repaid him, for, without them, I doubt whether the splendid heads obtained there now would be grown, in spite of the first-class natural advantages of the place. We live in artificial times, and deer must be artificially cared for. As at

example of what unremitting care and forethought will do for a forest, Jura is hard to beat; and if all the owners of forests in Scotland took as much interest in their deer as the late owner of the island forest, there would be less talk to-day of the deterioration of Scottish heads.—FRANK DOUGLAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am in entire accord with most that has been put forward about the deterioration of deer by those owners of forests who have contributed to the said article. I cannot admit that there has been any serious degeneration in the Highland red deer. No doubt much could be done to improve them, such as saving all promising young stags and making a point of killing off all the poor heads and all old stags; but it is almost impossible to get the rifle to resist taking the best head. Stalkers, as a lot, are very bloodthirsty, and the best head, when you have got into position for the shot, is invariably too great a temptation! There ought most certainly to be a close time for stags; certainly not later than October 8th. I am very much against the introduction of English stags, but think English hinds would be most beneficial, especially in high-ground forests. I am trying some here, which Lord Ilchester kindly gave me. They have only been here two years, and have done excellently so far. The English stags invariably get park-like heads, which are not wanted in the Highlands. English hinds, crossed with the Highland stag, are more likely to get the wild head of the Scotch deer, and also improve the size of body. Good wintering is most essential. I am not in favour of much artificial feeding in winter, as this often keeps very old beasts alive for another season when they would be much better out of the forest. Let the fittest survive. Yearly tenancies are probably the most harmful influence. The best stags are always picked, and I am afraid most of these forests have a most disproportionate limit to the size of the forest. This is very hard on forests which may be let on long leases or are in the proprietors' own hands, and who are doing their best to improve the deer. In conclusion, I must again repeat that I am quite convinced that, if a close time for stags, on or about October 6th or 8th, became law, we should very quickly see a change for the better. I am very strong on this point, and on the value of the introduction of a few good English hinds, but not stags.—CHRISTIAN COMBE (CAPTAIN), Strathconan, Muir-of-Ord, N.B.

A SUSSEX KITCHEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The picture herewith serves in a curious way to illustrate a local peculiarity. As each neighbourhood in Great Britain used to have its own dialect, so it has its own type of house and furniture. But it is much to be feared that the railways, by facilitating the means of communication, have done much to change this, and reduce all to a dead level, even as water connected by many channels.—V.

CURIOUS RED DEER HEADS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The letter on this subject in your issue of September 10th described a head so similar to that of a stag killed by me in the island of Hitteren, Norway, in September, 1898, that I think the enclosed photograph of the latter may also be of interest to your readers. When I first spied this stag, he appeared to have only one horn, but, on examination after a successful stalk, turned out to possess three. Number two horn—that is to say, the one in the usual place for a left horn—is a mere straight stump of about 5 in. in length; whilst number three proceeds from a distinct base of its own, appearing through the skin of the forehead lower down, and, turning abruptly downwards, lies close to the skull. Number two horn appeared quite healthy, but number three was what stalkers call rotten and unhealthy-looking. The right-hand horn is also, as will be seen, curiously distorted. Unfortunately, I was not present when my hunters skinned and cut up the animal; but, after doing this, they brought me the



remains of an old bullet which they had found embedded in the muscle near the right groin. The wound had completely healed, and must have been the result of a shot at least a year old. In all other respects the stag was in good condition, being fairly fat and weighing just over 14st. clean weight.—G. L. D.

AMATEUR WAYFARERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In the letter which appeared in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE under the title "A Wayfarer" I notice that your correspondent, while referring to the professional tramp and the mechanic who from motives of economy takes to the road for his holiday, makes no mention of the well-to-do wayfarer who chooses this method of seeing the country. Yet there are many such nowadays. A walking tour if well managed can be a very delightful experience, though, like everything else, it has its drawbacks.



The chief thing, of course, is not to overburden one's self. It is quite possible to carry all that is necessary, including a change of clothing, in a light canvas "haversack" strapped on the back, and it is far better to do so than to send on a bag by train, for where the luggage goes the owner must follow, and this becomes a great nuisance at times. Thus prepared, and given fine weather and a beautiful district through which to tramp, I know of no pleasanter way of spending a fortnight or three weeks. There are other "amateur wayfarers," too, and these are of a lazier nature, for they hire or buy a caravan, and when they are footsore and tired can enjoy the country at their ease while the horse does the tramping. For those who do not care much for a solitary walking tour this is

an agreeable and, certainly, a more cheerful way of spending a holiday. Here, again, one of the chief points is to take nothing but what is absolutely necessary, as in a caravan, such as the one in the photograph, in which three or four people are to travel, there is no room for superfluities. On the whole, though there is no doubt a great fascination in being whirled about the country in a motor-car, to the man who lives in the continual bustle and worry of business a walking tour or a tour in a caravan is more of a complete change and rest. For a brief fortnight or so he lives an outdoor life, at liberty to go where his fancy pleases; and the leisurely manner in which he is obliged to proceed (for no caravan horse in my experience ever went more than four miles an hour) cannot but have a beneficial effect on his health in forcing him to rest his brain.—AN ENTHUSIASTIC TRAMP.

GATHERING PLUMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think, perhaps, the following may be of interest to your readers, particularly those who have a heavy crop of plums. It is a dodge for gathering plums from trees too high for hand-picking, and too young and slender to support the weight of a ladder. It consists of a canvas bag, having a rim of stiff wire, bent into the form of a narrow spout, and attached to a 20ft. piece of tin, by 1in. scantling. By placing the bag under the plum so that the fruit is in the spout, and by then giving a sharp jerk, the plum falls into the bag. This plan will be found a very handy and quick way of getting in the crop. I hope you will be able to make use of this in your most excellent paper.—P. W. DRUCE.

A WHITE SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Concerning your correspondence about a cream-white swallow, I have seen one flying about to-day with white edges to its wings, and many white feathers in its tail.—F. CORNWALLIS.